THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. IX. NO. 34. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1890. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

FOR IRELAND ALL.

Magnificent Demonstration of the United Irish Societies of Chicago at Ogden Grove.

Splendid Order Preserved — Patriotic Speeches and an Artistic Display of Fireworks.

The Celebration at Milwaukee.

The Afternoon Meeting.

The fourteenth annual demonstration of the united Irish societies of Chicago at Ogden Grove, on last Friday, August 15th, was one of the most successful ever held in this city. The day itself was delightful, and the people began to pour into the grove at an early hour. Men, women and children, mostly decked out with the American and Irish colors, came trooping to a spot already rendered historical by many memorable events. Most of the leading men of the Irish race in this community were on the ground, and, on all sides, enthusiasm for the success of the cause of Irish independence reigned supreme.

At 2:30 o'clock a fine battalion of the Hibernian Rifle Regiment, under Major Lynch, and a detachment of the Clan-na-Gael Guards, under Capt. L. R. Buckley, mustered at McCoy's Hotel, and escorted the chairmen and speakers of the occasion to the grove. In the carriages were seated the Hon. Maurice F. Wilhere, of Pennsylvania, National Delegate of the Ancient Order of Hibernians; M. J. Keane, chairman of the executive committee of the United Irish Societies; Col. Thomas L. Hartigan, of the Hibernian Rifle Regiment; Hon. Matthew P. Brady; Lawrence Heneley, State Delegate of the Ancient Order of Hibernians; John J. Fitzgibbon, John Foley, D. O. Crowley, Springfield, Ill.; Michael Fitzgerald, John McGovern, Patrick O'Brien, Michael McInerney, James C. Strain, P. B. Finigan and many others.

The military presented a fine appearance, and, being led by a martial band, they marched in a manner so admirable that they were applauded by the large crowds which had assembled at every point along the line of march. They executed every order with a precision which reflected great credit on their Colonel, Thomas L. Hartigan, and on the officers under his command. Their entrance into the grounds was the signal for an enthusiastic burst of cheering, which was again and again renewed.

Among the audience were Col. Babcock, Capt. John Donahue, of Omaha; W. Callaghan, Joliet; Judge Murphy, Joliet; County Commissioners Edmanson and Kelly, Aldermen Mahoney and E. P. Burke, Daniel O'Connell, Joliet; M. D. Flavin, Patrick O'Brien, James Bradley, M. C. McDonald, John J. McKenna, John A. Bell, Frank Sheridan, John T. O'Malley, P. C. Feeny, John R. Murphy, John S. Mullen, John J. Phelan, David Sullivan, J. J. Fitzgibbon, Michael McInerney, chairman of the committee of the demonstration; ex Senator Cloonan, Lawrence Buckley, Hugh Jordan, B. Quirk, Capt. Martin Hayes, Capt. John Shea, P. V. Fitzpatrick, William Gavin, Recorder John Stephens, J. J. McCarthy, R. M. Clowry, Lieut. John Byrnes, Byrne Connelly, A. Duggan, Capt. Ford, Patrick Dolan, C. P. Brady, J. D. Farrell, division superintendent Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City railway, Special Agent O Keefe, of the same road, John W. McCarthy and many others.

The inspiring strains of "The Wearing of the Green" by the band drew the vast concourse before the speakers' stand, and Lawrence Heneley, state delegate for Illinois of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, called the meeting to order, and in a few well chosen remarks introduced Hon. M. J. Keane as the chairman of the afternoon's proceedings.

MR. KEANE'S SPEECH.

Mr. Keane, who was warmly received, said that the committee appreciated the honor of having the state delegate of the Ancient Order of Hibernians open the proceedings. They had met there this afternoon to show their allegiance and love for Ireland. The good men of Chicago were always to be found fighting in the breach for the freedom of Ireland. He felt, and he was sure that it was the sentiment of those present, that in the societies of the future there would be no Careys or Le Carons. They were met together in the same spirit that animated those men who mounted the scaffold with the words "God Save Ireland" on their lips. They met to voice the sentiment and to spread it through the land that Irishmen were true to Ireland. He hoped to assist in inscribing in letters of gold the immortal words of Emmet. Those Irishmen who had stood foremost in this city in the good fight for Ireland and who had received the abuse of the press, must be united. They could never succeed if they were divided. In American politics each man was free to do as he pleased, but in Irish matters they must take the advice of their true friends. They were present not to contradict or to belittle, not to say that one Irishman was better than another, but to follow in the foot steps of Parnell, Davitt and other leaders. They were ready to face the red jacketed Englishmen. The Irish were ready to do as much for the cause to day as the martyrs, Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, had done before. He wanted to inform them that the Irish question was still alive. Let them join together and let the world know they were there to stay. The day is opportune, the time has arrived. The American government will find that the ranks will be filled with Irishmen ready to settle the Behring straits question. The Irishmen of 1890 have nothing to do with the quarrels of 1889, but the Irishman who leads the party must be true to his principles or the Irish people will have nothing to do with him.

Mr. Keane concluded amid loud applause by introducing

HON. M. P. BRADY.

who spoke as follows:

There was nothing so exciting in the breast of a self-respecting Celt as the spectacle of a united Irish people, and a feeling of blessed unity in the hearts and minds of the scattered Gaels. There have been times when dissension has thwarted the endeavors of earnest Irishmen, and to day there seemed to be clouds of discord upon the horizon of Irish politics. All deplore the disastrous ending of the patriotic career of their ancestors, and all deplore to have to fix the blame upon that accursed spirit of discord alluded to. Why this spirit or fiend should so blight the career of so many of the children of their weeping motherland was a mystery, but as in the days of the Garden of Eden, when the Almighty created their first parents in innocence, the serpent found its way in and beguiled them, so it was now, and the same spirit was putting the serpent of discord into the hearts of their countrymen. Any man who was willing to see his country enslaved, was worthy of only the basest kind of servitude. Any one who was content that he or his children should wear the badge of inferiority must be a dog. The black slave who bore the shackles nourished the hope of freedom. The intelligent slave of the south never willingly wore the chains of slavery. Should there be found in any Irishman, less respect, less hope, less pride in his race than in the black slave of the south? Shall it be that the hope is not dead, that some day or another the Irish land shall be lifted up glorious with the effulgence of holy freedom? It might be said that this was sentiment, but patriotism was the greatest sentiment there was. It was a characteristic of the mind to be respected and developed. How could it be developed if not encouraged among Irishmen, how could it be respected if the love of Irish liberty was allowed to die out? Who was there among the sons of their race that sighed not to see his country free, and the reproach of servitude blotted out forever? That reproach meant that the Irishman was inferior to his English rulers. Any Irishman would knock an Englishman down if he told him he was inferior to him. By the aid of a united people the land they loved might be lifted up to a luminous light. Some people thought that the Irish citizen in the United States owed a double allegiance. This was wrong. He owed one undivided allegiance to the constitution of the United States. That leads him along the road to liberty. It teaches him self respect. If Irishmen in America were revolutionists the example had been set by the American patriots. No American could accuse the Irish of doing wrong in trying to secure the liberty of his race and country. The Americans had done the same and found themselves opposed to the same red-coated ruffians that represented the authority of Great Britain. The Irishmen hope to wrestle in battle with that same representative and to fight for that land of adoption which they love. The Irish have shown on two occasions that they were ready to prove their patriotism for that land. It ill became people and the press to say that they were enemies to the republic. They were striving all over the world to establish in their own land that same form of government which they enjoyed in America. They should be sustained by the American people in the same way as the French republic sustained the Americans in the revolution.

Almost from time immemorial this is a sacred day, on which the church celebrates one of its mysteries. It is a day of obligation and exaction, and of true reverence and worship to the almighty God, through whom they hoped for a national redemption. They to-day discharged that obligation which the sacred character of the day imposed on them, for what could be more pleasing to the Almighty than to ask his aid in the uplifting and elevating of a disgraced nation. Thrice holy is the day, thrice sacred the worship, when they combined the worship of the deity with the patriotic endeavor to free their country. The great apostle had said: "The truth will make you free." The truth of Ireland's cause will make her free. That truth has been sustained by the blood of thousands of the most glorious men that ever lived. No churchman that ever breathed has dared to say that those sacrifices were not blessed, and no priest has dared to lift up his voice and cry that God was the enemy of a people who hoped and fought for liberty. (Applause).

MR WILHERE'S SPEECH.

Hon. Maurice F. Wilhere was enthusiastically received. He said that he came all the way from Philadelphia not so much to make a speech as to be inspired, and the magnificent spectacle which presented itself to him to-day, was enough to inspire any man. He was deeply indebted to the committee for inviting him, and he deemded it a compliment to the order of which he was a member and a delegate. The Ancient Order of Hibernians, while an order of charity and brotherly love, never faltered in its devotion to Ireland and its hope for its freedom. He came from Philadelphia, where the Liberty bell first sounded and where the declaration of independence was read by an Irishman, Col John Nixon. It was for the principles declared in Philadelphia 114 years ago that the best Irish blood in the world had been freely shed, and it was for the establishment of those principles in Ireland that they were assembled there to day. There were 10,000 warm hearts in Philadelphia that would stand shoulder to shoulder with the Irishmen in Chicago until the cause of Irish liberty was established.

It was right that while they were enjoying themselves in America they would bear in mind that in that land from which they came the crow bar brigade was once more abroad and that the people of their kith and kin were today as they had been before, being cast out on the roadside to starve and to die, because it was alleged they could not pay the rent. Mr. Milward, of Philadelphia, a gentleman without one drop of Irish blood, in writing a description of an eviction says that "no other government, civilized or uncivilized, would permit such cruelties to be practiced." Through the undying determination of our race, scattered throughout the world, that our country should be free, the great liberal party in England has come to the conclusion that home rule is correct. Seven years ago that party imprisoned Parnell, Davitt and others for preaching the same doctrine which they themselves preach today. How did the change come about? Simply and alone because England realizes that it is for her benefit that Ireland shall have home rule and justice be meted out to her. The Tory government, however, has not yet come round to the home rule idea, and, baffled in all their schemes, have hit upon another one. They sent a commissioner to his holiness the Pope, and it has recently been announced that Cardinal Manning shall on all state occasions take his place next to royalty. The Irish people have never sold their faith for a mess of pottage, and so they say today to Victoria and all her brood that they may place the cardinal where they please, but they must once more place Ireland in the galaxy of nations, where she belongs.

When they viewed the condition of the Irish people and saw the crow-bar brigade abroad, it was no wonder that the feeling not only of patriotism, but of charity and pity should be aroused. John Stuart Mill has said that Ireland is the nearest approach to the Promised Land, and that it was flowing with milk and honey. Yet every year the hat has to be passed around to prevent the people there starving. In 1848, while 2,000,000 of people were dying of starvation in Ireland, the English government was gravely deliberating what to do with a surplus. Yet these people expect love and esteem from the Irish. Vengeance will never be satisfied until Ireland is restored to her place in the nations of the earth. Let them stand together. The noble band that escorted him to the grove and those before him would like to settle the question as in the old days at Bunker Hill. Davitt and Dillon would sooner march up to an English cannon than go to an English dungeon. England is a powerful nation, and boasts that the sun never sets on its flag, but as the Irishman told the Englishman, the reason for this was because the Almighty was afraid to allow them out of His sight. Ireland had right on her side, and right and justice must prevail. (Prolonged applause.)

The Evening Meeting.

In the evening there were fully 12 000 people at the grove and John F. Finerty presided over the meeting. Mr. Finerty commenced his address by saying that he regretted to announce that Rev. Edmund Hayes, of Imogene, Iowa, and Hon. Thomas Brennan, of Omaha, would not be present. Both gentlemen sent deep regrets and cordial wishes for a successful demonstration. Mr. Finerty said that for the fourteenth time they had met to celebrate an object that bore malice to no one, glorify American institutions and to show their appreciation of the great country in which they lived. They had no divided loyalty. Their allegiance was first to the American republic, then their sympathy turned toward their countrymen across the sea. Their object was to lift the yoke off their necks and to give them a country and a flag of their own, and that should be the aim of every Irish man and woman. The two oppressed countries of Christendom were the Poland of the continent and the Poland of the sea. The blessings of freedom in America were not obtained by peace, but by the sword of the gallant men under Washington. It was to be regretted that the Irish were unable to assert themselves, in the manner most agreeable to them at present, but there was one thing they could do. Let the cloud of war darken the horizon of America, come from where it would. Great Britain or elsewhere, and they could fight for the flag they loved. As Lord Salisbury could hurl his threats and send his ships to Behring straits and his red coated hirelings to Canada, but let him go forth to the American government to night from the Irish people: Let the Englishman do his worst; from this city, where men rallied under James A. Mulligan, other Irish hearts will go forth to fight for the American flag. The last words almost of John Boyle O'Reilly were in support of the government on the Behring sea question—this glorious man, who gave his youth to Ireland, his manhood to America and his whole life to the liberty of his fellow men. All honor to O'Reilly! All through his life he taught us the lesson of manhood and brotherly affection. He taught us that all men were brothers, and that the blessings of freedom should belong to all and not be a monopoly.

Mr. Finerty spoke at some length of the change of feeling in England toward Ireland. If the English majority, he said, should come to its senses and grant home rule, it will not be secured by any slavish actions, or eating humble pie. It will be out of a policy of fear and not of Christian love. If England throws off the yoke from Ireland, lets her manage her own affairs, feed her people and govern herself, then, rebel as he was, he said the fight was modified, but if she keeps the yoke on he was in favor of other means. We are not opposed to John Parnell, we are only stirring him up to ask for more. While we wish him to secure the independence he asks for, we hope he will not be satisfied till he gets more.

JOHN J. FITZGIBBON

was then introduced and delivered a short address, in which he defined the Irish question in clear and forcible language. Why is it, said the speaker, that you have come here to-day in such vast numbers from the counting houses, the workshops and from your firesides to participate in this monster demonstration? Is it because you desire to uphold, in its fullness and integrity, the principle of Irish national life—the principle of the total separation of Ireland from England? Is there any thing unreasonable in this demand? Is it contrary to the moral law, to any system of theology, to the spirit and science of good government, that the Irish people should make their own laws, govern themselves in accordance with their own genius, should have their own flag, their own navy and merchantmen, should utilize the forces of nature in their own land to build up great manufacturing and industrial interests for their own welfare, prosperity and glory? We should not be maligned and grossly misrepresented for openly and above board advocating the genuine principles of Irish nationality. But the evil criticisms of our foes will not deter us from working steadfastly and zealously for the freedom of the land of our fathers as long as we live.

The fifteen thousand people who represent the United Irish societies of Chicago in Ogden Grove today are actuated by patriotic motives and principles as pure, as elevated, and as noble as those which thrilled the hearts of Emmet, Wolfe Tone and Fuzgerald. They are not here today to divide, to disorganize, and scandalize the cause of Irish freedom. They want all men of Irish blood who are honest and sincere, regardless of past differences, to unite as one compact and irresistable body and march on the highway to Irish freedom. It is a puzzle to me why some of the great daily journals of this city who gave fair and encouraging reports of the English, Scotch, Germanic and Scandinavian festivities should go out of their way to grossly misrepresent and insult the Irish American element of this city who represents at least a fourth of its population. We only ask fair play and justice from those inimical journals, and that we are bound to have come what may. (Applause).

After brief speeches by Messrs. Wilhere and Brady, "God Save Ireland" was rendered by the great audience, Mr. Michael McInerney leading in a most acceptable manner. The scene was very impressive. The proceedings of the memorable demonstration terminated with a magnificent display of fireworks.

THE MILWAUKEE DEMONSTRATION.

The Irish National demonstration at Milwaukee last Monday was held in Schlitz park, and was highly successful. Fully 5,000 people were on the grounds. Nearly all the prominent people of the city, of all races, were present. The programme included athletic games and an Irish musical entertainment, as well as speaking. Mr. Peter Doyle, chairman of the committee on reception, the Hon. Joseph E. Donnelly, chairman of the executive committee, assisted by Messrs. Shea, Murphy, Kelly and other well known Milwaukeeans, left nothing undone to make all present comfortable.

The speakers were the Rev. Dr. Charles O'Reilly, of Detroit; the Rev. James M. Cleary, of Kenosha, and John F Finerty.

Father O'Reilly was the first speaker introduced and spoke for about an hour, confining himself principally to explaining the disposition that is made of the funds sent from America to Ireland. He commenced by stating that it gave him great pleasure to be able to say that the little German city of Milwaukee contributed to the Irish cause more liberally and gave less trouble in the matter than any city of its size in the country. He said that the fight for home rule which had gotten fairly under way ten years ago was in no way failing but was being pushed with more energy and enthusiasm than ever. There had been many in the great fight. Some had fallen by the wayside, some few had become weary and retired, but there was still a large contingent that would continue to battle until the cause had been attained and the Irish were a people free to rule themselves. This fight could not be carried on without money, and it behooved the Irish Americans to continue contributing until it was finally disposed of.

There had been signs of inactivity in this country of late, and some people had been disposed to ask what had become of the vast sums that had been already sent to Ireland. The sums thus sent had not been as large as some people imagined, having amounted to only $1,000 000 in the last ten years, or an average of $100 000 a year. The largest sum for any two years was about $300 000. This was not large when compared to the sums that had been raised in Ireland. He had had the privilege of attending one of the first county conventions ever held in Ireland for the purpose of planning to fight for home rule, and the result of this convention was that $300,000 was raised in poor, distressed Ireland in about two months. The people should remember, he said, that the expenses of the fight were enormous. Every election in Ireland cost at least $1,500, and in many instances the cost ran as high as $3 000 or $3 500. At the coming election in 1893 there would be about 100 constituencies to elect from, and the expense would be enormous. It was this election that efforts were now being made to tide over. If the Liberals won it, it would mean the overthrow of the Tories and home rule for Ireland. If the Liberals lost they would have to prepare for another election.

One of the League's greatest items of expense, said the speaker, was the supporting of forty two members in the House of Parliament. The expense of the election of these members, and their expenses while in Parliament, were all borne by the League. Nobody in England had any idea who these members were, for if it became known that their expenses were paid from the outside they would lose their prestige in Parliament.

After addresses by John F. Finerty and the Rev. Father Cleary the meeting adjourned.

Hall's Hair Renewer is free from alcohol and dyes that injure the skin. It is scientifically prepared, and will restore gray hair to its original color and vigor.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

Events of Interest to the Church in Rome, Ireland, and Elsewhere.

FROM IRELAND.

On Aug. 3 a collection was made at all the chapels in the parish of Cushinstown, to aid in the erection of the monument to the late James Ryan.

The Most Rev. Dr. Browne last week laid the foundation of a new chapel-of-ease in Duncannon, near Ramsgrange, for the erection of which Rev. Canon Doyle, P. P., and his curate, Rev. John M. Browne, C. C, have been making such exertions during the past few months.

The Most Rev. Dr. Conway has made the following promotions and changes: Rev. M. J. Smyth, C.C., Belmullet, to be P.P., Belmullet; Rev. J. Boyle, C.C., Kiltane, to be C.C., Belmullet; Rev. J. Geraghty to be C.C., Kiltane; Rev. P. Brislane, late of Maynooth, to be C.C., Kilmore Erris.

The Bishop of Ferns, Most Rev. Dr. Browne, last week officiated at the reception of two young ladies, and the profession of another at the Convent of St. Catherine, Ramsgrange. The new novices were Miss Murray, Dundalk (Sister Veronica), and Miss Aguew, Monaghan (Sister Aidan) Sister Xavier (Miss Grimes, Skerries, county Dublin), was professed. The Rev. J. Murphy, P.P., Tintern, preached, and his Lordship gave Benediction.

A meeting, convened by the mayor, was held on Tuesday afternoon in the Cork Young Men's Societies Hall, to give expression to the citizens' sense of the loss they have sustained by the death of the Very Rev. Father Russell, O P., founder of the beautiful Church of St. Mary's, one of the greatest architectural ornaments of that city—a gifted and zealous priest, who for the greater part of this century has charmed by his eloquence and edified by his piety the Catholic community.

In the Chapel of the Good Shepherd Convent, Limerick, four choir sister novices were admitted to Profession and two postulants were received. The young ladies professed were Sister Mary of Perpetual Succour, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Daniel Smithwick, Kilcreen Cottage, Kilkenny; Sister Mary of Saint Alphonsus Rodrigue, only daughter of the late Mr. Peter McKay, Silvereakey, county Down; Sister Mary St. John, Berchmans, daughter of Mr. Edward Calhane, Cappa, county Limerick, and Sister Mary of St. Gabriel, daughter of Mr. Michael McNamara, Ballyvaughan, county Clare. Those who received the veil were Miss McDonnell (in religion Sister Mary of Saint Josephine), daughter of Mr. James McDonnell, Feebeg, county Limerick; and Bridget Fallan (in religion Sister Mary of St. Dympana, lay sister), daughter of the late Mr. Bartholomew Fallan, Tallow, county Waterford. Mass was celebrated by the Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, assisted by the Rev. J O'Donnell, C.C., St. John's, and the Rev. W. O'Shea, C.C., chaplain to the convent.

Most Rev. Dr. Conway, bishop of Killala, accompanied by Rev. M. Donnelly, P.P., Binghamstown, left Ballina on the 7th inst. to take a course of waters at Harrowgate.

The Students of St. Muredach's seminary, Ardnaree, before separting for their summer holidays, presented the Rev. J. Mullen with an address and testimonial, on the termination of his connection with the institution as principal.

Died, at the Convent of Mercy, Ballinasloe, Sarah Dillon, in religion Sister Mary Catherine, a professed nun for 36 years, niece to the late Rev. Archdeacon Dillon, P. P., Ballinaloe. The remains were taken from the convent and conveyed to the conventual burial ground, Lougnres, for interment. May her soul rest in peace.

Funeral of Cardinal Newman.

A grand requiem mass was held at the Edgebaston Oratory Church August 19th, and formed the chief portion of the funeral service on the remains of the late Cardinal Newman. The church, which is not large, was filled with an overflowing congregation, admission being restricted to holders of tickets, hundreds of applications for which had been refused. The edifice was draped with black and yellow, and the Cardinal's coffin lay on the catafalque erected on the tribune in front of the high altar. The coffin was covered with pale violet velvet, and three many branched candelabra with yellow wax candles were ranged on each side. On the front of the coffin rested the late Cardinal's hat, his red beretta being placed on a pedestal below, on which also hung the heraldic arms of the deceased—three hearts with the motto in Latin, "Hearts speaketh unto hearts." The body was inclosed in an elm shell, with an outer coffin of polished oak, bearing a simple Latin inscription.

Mass was celebrated by Dr. Illsley, Roman Catholic Bishop of Birmingham, simple, unaccompanied Gregorian music being used, so that all the clergy might take part in it. Of these there were upwards of 100 present, including no fewer than sixteen Episcopal rank Bishops. All wore pontifical vestments, the other clergy being attired in surplices. Among those present was Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin. The general attendance was large and aristocratic.

In the course of the service Dr. Clifford, Bishop of Clifton, delivered a short sermon in which he spoke with much emotion of Dr. Newman's life and character. Five Bishops afterwards pronounced absolution, incensing the coffin and sprinkling it with holy water. At the conclusion of the mass the coffin was borne to the hearse by eight laymen, Oratorians following bearing tapers in their hands. Only a limited number of relatives and intimate friends accompanied the hearse to Rednal, where the interment took place in a little private cemetery. The Cardinal was buried at his own request in the earth grave near that of Father Ambrose St. John. Magnificent wreaths from Baroness Burdett-Coutts and others were placed on the grave. The closing ceremony was brief and simple.

LOCAL CATHOLIC NEWS.

The Right Rev. Bishop Cotter, of Winona, was a guest of the pastor of St. Jarlath's Church recently.

Mass is celebrated for the colored Catholic congregation every Sunday morning in the basement of St. Mary's Church, Wabash avenue and Eldridge court, at 8 and 10:30 o'clock. The Rev. Father Tolton, the colored priest officiates.

The Rev. Father Hahn, C. S. S. R., of St. Michael's Church has been transferred to Detroit.

The Rev. Father Lambert, S J., will occupy a position on the faculty of St. Mary's College, Kansas, the coming season, as Professor of science.

The parochial schools of the Holy Family parish will open on the first day of September.

The moonlight excursion given by the Union Catholic Library Association on July 28 h having proven a most delightful success, and so many of the participants having requested a repetition, the association has decided to give another Tuesday evening, August 26, 1890, on steamer R. J. Gordon. The boat will leave Clark street bridge at 7:30 sharp. Music and dancing. Refreshments may be had on board. The steamer will cruise around old and new water works crib, etc, returning to dock at 11 p. m.

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

BRENNAN—July 24, at Ballyharmon, Mary, wife of Patrick Brennan.

COLGAN—July 23, at his father's residence, Insigh, county Armagh, Edward Colgan, late D M P.

DOLAN—July 17, at Abbeyview Cottage, Kilkenny, Peter Dolan, aged 51 years; president of the Kilkenny Workingmen's club.

DONOHOE—July 20, at the residence of his father, Francis, youngest son of Thomas Donohoe, of Loughill, county Longford, aged 21 years.

PHELAN—July 25, Patrick Phelan, late of Vicar street, Kilkenny.

DOWLING—July 31, at Mater Misericordiæ Hospital, Patrick Dowling, stonecarver, youngest son of the late Jeremiah Dowling.

GORMLY—July 30, at Arklow, Elizabeth Gormly, wife of John Gormly, ex head constable, R. I. C.

KELLY—Aug. 1, Mrs. Sarah Kelly, 20 Sumner place, Dublin.

KELLY—At his son's residence, 42 Middle Abbey street, Philip Kelly, aged 78 years, late of Ballybrack, near Killiney.

MCCLURE—Aug. 1, at the residence of her parents, 12 Usher's quay, Dublin, Margaret Frances McClure, aged 20 years, third eldest child of John and Teresa McClure.

NOLAN—July 25, at Ballyann, Shanagolden, county Limerick, James C. Nolan, aged 60 years.

O'BRIEN—July 31, at his father's residence, 11 Deane street, Dublin, Patrick O'Brien, aged 21 years.

O'FARRELL—Aug. 1, at the Eglinton Hotel, Galway, Thomas Denis O'Farrell, Crown Solicitor for county and town of Galway, aged 72 years.

BRADY—July 26, at her residence, The Cottage, Waterunder, Drogheda, Jane Brady, wife of Thomas Brady.

FOSTER—July 27, at Glyde Court, Ardee, Maj John F Foster, D.L., eldest and only surviving son of the Rev. Sir Cavendish H. Foster, Bart, aged 43 years.

FRYER—July 26, at St. George's square Balbriggan, Susan Fryer, relict of the late George Fryer, of Kinsale.

WHELAN—July 25, at Navan, Stephen Whelan, formerly of Summerhill, Dublin.

WHITE—July 28, at Clatherstown, Co. Meath, James White, aged 27 years.

GRAY—At 53 Capel street, Killenaule, Caledon, county Tyrone, Rosanna Gray, youngest daughter of the late Francis Gray.

KING—Aug. 4, at the S. H. Presentation Convent, Kilcock, the Rev. Mother Mary Brendan, (King).

MCDONNELL—Aug. 5, at her father's residence, 52 Lower Clanbrassil street, Dublin, Maryanne, youngest daughter of Patrick McDonnell.

MARTIN—Aug. 3, Catherine, wife of John Martin, Esq., Cartron, Athlone, aged 64 years.

MURRAY—Aug. 5, in Killaculia, Tempo, Patrick Murphy, formerly of Clones.

RICHARDS—Aug. 4, at Parnell street, Wexford, Margaret, wife of Richard Richards.

O'BRIEN—Aug. 3, at Tullow street, Carlow, Kathleen, infant daughter of Joseph and Ellie O'Brien.

REILLY—Aug 4, at Cullighan, Ballyconnell, Philip O'Reilly, father of Patrick O Reilly, press reporter, aged 70 years.

WARD—Aug 3, at the residence of her uncle, John Brogan, Kells, late of Cooperspark, Dora Ward, aged 12 years.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

THE

SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY,

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

PREFACE.

It is singular how short a period it takes for the incidents of history to disappear from men's minds. A generation or two suffices. It is so at least in Ireland.

Most people have heard of the American tourist who, being in Ireland, and in that town whose church on a memorable occasion was "full to the door," and having occasion to make certain inquiries, was astounded on finding that a youth whom he interrogated had never even heard of the Volunteers of Eighty-two.

Not much less was my own astonishment when, some years since, I happened to be present, as a chance visitor, at an examination in a certain academy, where I was asked to put a few questions in history. It was a time and a place favorable to Irish matters. The surroundings were rich in historic associations. Gallant men had squandered their lives with reckless valor for Ireland's cause in the streets hard by; and I could see, through the window, from where I stood, the corroded iron balcony from which, when that cause was for the time lost, others—the ancestors and kinsmen of the boys before me—had swung in chains, through the bleaching day, the darkening eve, and the moaning night. Wherefore I put a question or two in reference to these, and other similar, reminiscences and remembrances.

But I soon found that I had made a mistake. I saw by the vacant faces of the boys, by their non-attempts to answer, and by the surprised looks of all around, that my questions were unhappily put—and disappointing. Accordingly I promptly recovered the lost position and plunged at once into English history.

Then we were quite at once in smooth waters. The boys were quick, intelligent, and well taught. They knew the minute details of English history as well as Freeman; the times of Elizabeth and Mary as intimately as—and much more accurately than—Froude; and the story of those who died on Bosworth field better than Barry Sullivan. But of Irish history, recent or remote, they knew nothing at all—nothing whatever.

I thought then, and I still think, that this was a great pity. There must be some grit in the cause for which men, in days of old, not only sacrificed their private fortunes, but faced the battlefield, the scaffold, and the gallows. The independence of Ireland may not be a fashionable subject now a days; but it is hard to believe that the cause for which Owen O'Neale fought at Benburb; for which Sarsfield's horsemen rode down the Glen at Silvermines; which sent Bond, Fitzgerald, Tone, and Emmet to bloody graves; and which for centuries filled the swelling hearts of Irish boys with chivalry and hope—could have been but a phantom and a dream.

Whether so or not—and the question may well be left to the rising generation to decide—it cannot be doubted that the men who believed in it, and believing, devoted their fortunes and lives to it, deserve to be held in honored remembrance. In all lands there are names which history would not willingly let die. In Ireland they should be of those who in the evil and gloomy days of the past, kept, with no faltering hands, the torch of patriotism alight, and held the cup of hope to the lips of her oppressed people. Their graves make Irish ground holy; and their names should be as household words among a spirited and gallant race.

Believing that, for the present at all events, there is no way in which Irish history can be so efficiently taught as in the pathways of fiction, I have written the "Shan Van Vocht," making it as interesting and attractive as I could, and causing it to revolve in good part around the last efforts for Irish freedom. I hope it will be found as acceptable as those of the series that have gone before.

With the completion of the work on which I am now engaged—dealing with the great rebellion of 1641, in which the gentlemen of Ireland, with splendid courage and patriotism, staked (and lost) so much—I shall conclude this set of Irish historical novels; and leave to other and more vigorous hands the work of adding to or completing it. J.M.

CHAPTER I.

HALLOWE'EN.

The wind howled around the old manor house with that peculiarly desolate cry the November night winds always assume; and heaped in odd corners, in angles of the house, around bases of trees, and under the door, the fallen leaves.

Similarly it roared up the chimney, carrying with it a shower of sparks whenever a log partly consumed fell from its position into the glowing fire. Now and again, in more than usually stormy bursts, it hurled small, broken branches against the window panes, giving the idea of some huge birds, storm tossed, pecking at the window for entrance and refuge.

Within, as compared with the outside, however, the contrast was as great as it well could be. A merry group gathered around the large and glowing log-heap that blazed in the capacious fireplace—for the hands that built Seamore mansion in past days had no notion or care for the times when the use of coal would make more restricted fireplaces necessary, and accordingly built it after its present extensive fashion—and were enjoying themselves in pleasant and agreeable mood. Candles, hung in sconces around the wall, threw light on the vast flagged apartment that did duty for kitchen; but they were more or less overshadowed—perhaps I should say overlighted—by the fire, whose stronger gleams paled their light and made the forms assembled around it throw huge and grotesque shadows on the walls.

Nor was the happy glow of the apartment made less cheerful by the flitches of bacon and ponderous hams that hung over the fireplace, benefiting largely by its smoke; nor the sense of protection and security detracted from by the heavy muskets that lay along the rack, their flint locks every now and then flashing back the light or the fire with a gleam somewhat akin to sternness.

The group that were assembled in the kitchen consisted of the servants of the house and some neighbors of both sexes that had dropped in; for the mansion, while splendid in appearance, was ever open, through the kindness of its owners, to the humblest of the surrounding cottiers. Indeed, as there were few of them them that at one time or another, more particularly in the busy seasons, had not worked therein, or on the spreading lands surrounding and belonging to the mansion, the kitchen in which they now were was as familiar to them as their own homes.

It was Hallowe'en eve, which perhaps was the reason why the kitchen had within its walls this night some who very rarely mingled among its more habitual frequenters.

In the first place, then—for *places aux dames* is a chivalric maxim always in high honor with us—there was the young mistress of the mansion, Helen Barrington, whose very presence was of itself sufficient to diffuse a sense of cheery happiness around. It would be very difficult to be near her and not feel that there was something bright and happy, as well as beautiful, in her presence. For to a form light and graceful, and a face whose sunny beauty would brighten the darkest sorrow that ever fell on men's hearts, the young hostess added a spirit as gay and joyous as could be expected from the nineteen years that had passed over her head. Indeed the beauty that attracted attention from the most careless eye seemed but the reflex of the happy spirit that dwelt within; and the deep blue of her eyes seemed at times to deepen until it melted into the light of outcoming laughter.

Nor were her accomplishments less than her beauty and light heartedness, for the ample means which her parents possessed had enabled them to send her to the best schools then to be had in the metropolis. Unfortunately, her father and mother had both died within a few months of each other some three years before: and Helen Barrington was compelled in consequence to return home before her education was quite completed, but not until she had acquired enough of the grace of culture and education to place her above many of the daughters of the surrounding gentry whom she was accustomed to meet in society. Since then she had governed the house for her brother, a young fellow who had been for some two or three years in the army, and who had sold out and come home when the sad occurrence took place.

With Miss Barrington on this evening was, as indeed was her wont on many occasions, her cousin from the county Wexford, Kate Howard, much about the same age—a tall, dark girl, as unlike, in her grave and sedate character to the former as well as could be. Although, however, possessing little of the joyous nature of her handsome cousin, there was a great deal in her serious manner that many would perhaps prefer. Without being at all a beauty, her face was attractive, and her manner was so kind and courteous and quietly lovable that few could remain long in her society without finding in it an inexpressible charm. The attractions of society in Dublin, as well as the pleasure of being with her friends, brought her many times from her home in Wexford to Seamore—which latter, we should have stated before, was situate midway between Old Dunleary and Dublin. The name is now lost, and the pleasant grounds that then surrounded the house have long since, under the builder's hands, been covered with stately terraces, but the mansion still remains—much altered and modernized, however. These were the two that, for the nonce, had taken their places among the group gathered around the fire, and listened with interest to the *shanachus* appertaining to Hallowe'en that went around. It was too early, if there were no other reasons, for the usual tricks and charms to be put in force; and meantime gossiping conversation supplied sufficient entertainment.

"And why not, Cauth—what harm would there be in it?" queried Helen Barrington, as the old housekeeper, sitting knitting in the corner, demurred to some proposition that was put forward.

"What harm would there be in it?" repeated Cauth. "Every harm, Miss Helen—every harm. It's dangerous work and ill doing meddling with these things."

"Upon my word, Grannie," said the young lady pleasantly, "I am afraid you intend to throw a shadow on all amusement tonight. What harm can there be in it?"

"If you knew as much as I do, Miss Helen, dear, you would not ask the question," said the old woman, significantly, drawing the hood of her red shawl over her head more coxily, and pursuing her knitting with greater industry.

"Well, Grannie, would you tell us why?" said the young hostess, a little put about as she saw a damper thus thrown over the joyousness of the night, for in the light and brightness of her own heart she loved to see those about her enjoying themselves. "It is not fair to frighten us in this way without reason."

"Without reason, honey! There's plenty of reasons for it, not to go farther than this very house."

"God bless us!" said Helen with some alarm—"in this house! I never heard of anything happening in this house that was strange or wonderful."

"You were too young to know of it, my dear—indeed, now that I remember it, I don't think you were born at the time. I am sure you were not; but it happened all the same."

"What was it, Grannie? Do tell us," said the young girl, as she threw a frightened glance around the vast apartment, and drew her chair nearer to that of her cousin.

"It mightn't be for your good to hear it, honey," said Cauth cautiously, "and it's better for all to take my advice than to ask for the reasons of it."

"You have awakened my curiosity now, Grannie, and I shall think the story worse than it is unless you tell it. I shall never sleep a quiet sleep in the house again unless I hear it."

"Yes, tell it, Cauth—tell it," was echoed around the circle. "It's worse to hint about an' not tell it, and so keep us in suspense about it."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

THE LAST SERPENT IN ERIN.

Miss Banim Tells How St. Kevin's Dog, Loupa, Got Rid of Him.

LEGEND OF THE LAST SERPENT IN ERIN.

We go along under the trees and glance aside now at the crosses, fourteen hundred years old, that mark the old way that was once a finely-paved road, and, as we walk, the guide will tell the legend of the last serpent in Erin. It was forgotten by St. Patrick in this hidden glen, and here it lived at the time of St. Kevin. Now, when the holy man was building his churches, the devil, hating the good work, entered into this serpent—the only dwelling he could find in Erin then, so holy had her people grown—and as fast as the builders worked in the day time to raise the churches, so did the serpent work in the night to pull them down again. This greatly disheartened the workmen, and they complained bitterly of the trials the serpent put upon them, whereupon St. Kevin blessed his wolf-dog Loupa, and commanded him to destroy the demon that was sorely trying the builders of his churches. Loupa bravely attacked and killed the serpent, and from that hour the sacred buildings seemed to grow under the men's hands. From that time forth no serpent has been known in Erin, but from this circumstance the lower lake was long known as Loc-na Piath, or the serpent's lake. Until a comparatively recent period there was to be seen in one of the churches a stone with the figure of a dog holding a serpent in its teeth carved upon it. Visitors were in the habit of chipping splints off the stone, and it was finally stolen by some unprincipled person.

Scattered in the valley, not very far from the Refeart church, are rounded stones which bear on their sides some resemblance to loaves of bread. These, we are told, were once real loaves which a woman was carrying one day hidden in her apron, for it was a time of great scarcity, and she hid them lest anyone should beg of her to share her store. As she went on her way she met St. Kevin, who, knowing the truth, asked what she was carrying. In her greed she lied and answered it was stones she held. "If what you say be not true," said St. Kevin, "I pray that they may become such to punish your avarice and lying;" and instantly the loaves turned to stone and rolled upon the ground as we see them.

Close to where Lugduff is divided Derrybawn there is a curious cle through the various strata of th This is

THE GIANT'S CUT

—made at one blow by the great MacCoul when he was in the v Glendalough, nearly three hundre before St. Kevin came there. T have on the roadside a granite which is none other than the which sat the Irish piper, Corney when he played before Moses. T is doubtful, but it is a satisfactio who have often heard the saying piper that played before Moses to know his name. Close to t Kevin's griddle, upon which, b of the sun, he baked those grid that are shown in St. Kevin's Here also is the Deer stone, these, I believe, the mythical h are exhausted, and we recross the Avonmore and are within the sacred precincts, enclosed by a low wall that bounds from the roadways the Cathedral, St. Kevin's Kitchen, Our Lady's Church, sometimes now called the Library; the Ivy Church, the round tower, and the cemetery, in which there is free burial for all, and where the remains of the dead are brought even from America and from distant Australia, that they may rest in a spot seven times blessed—and no lovlier resting-place could any weary exile desire. The last time I was there, "one of the old stock, whose father was hanged in '98," was being laid under the sod beside the cathedral walls.

A very beautiful church this must have been when perfect. It consists, like many of our ancient churches, of two naves, one of more recent date than the other, and communicating by an archway of exquisite workmanship. The aisles are now crowded by tombs, among which, close beneath the east window, is one finely wrought, with seven beautifully formed crosses contained within the large cross which runs the full length and breadth of the slab. This cathedral was dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul. At its western end is Our Lady's Church—to the south is the most perfect of all the ecclesiastical buildings, but, strange to say, its name is lost, and it is only known as St. Kevin's Kitchen. It is a building twenty-two feet nine inches in length and fifteen feet in breadth, and has a high springing arched roof, covered with flat stones well cemented together—one of the few such roofs now to be seen in Ireland. At the western end is a belfry, an exact miniature imitation of the round tower close by, and lighted by an aperture at the top which lets in a flood of light with a certain slant of the afternoon sun. In St. Kevin's Kitchen are now collected a vast number of monumental and other stones which would well repay a whole day's study. Among these is a splendid cross, on the front of which is carved a representation of

THE CRUCIFIXION

—the rest of the cross is one mass of fine and intricate tracery; a curious slab upon which are carved thirteen circles, representing our Lord surrounded by his twelve apostles; the tombstone of King O'Toole, being that which formerly covered the grave of the king beside the Refeart church, and many curious objects found in and around the glen, and in which the old caretaker takes much pride and delight.

About a mile down the vale is the Priory church. This was St Kevin's own abbey, where he spent the last years of his long life after he resigned the cares of the bishopric and retired to his monastery here, where he died, Abbot of St. Savior's, June 3, A. D. 619, in the 121st year of his age. In a crypt besides this church the saint's tomb was discovered. These ruins are the most interesting and beautiful of all, showing, in the remains of the pillars, arches, and sculptures that it must have been a building of rare elegance and finish.

Indeed a run through these relics of our golden age will but suffice to give a visitor an intense desire to come again, and again; to live a while in the midst of the Seven Churches, studying the lessons they teach; learning to love the sweet tranquility of that wonderful vale, and the beauty of the endless exquise lakes, charming vales, and glorious mountain tops to be explored for miles around the pretty, homelike hotel that stands just where the Avonmore, newly freed from Lough-na Piath, murmurs pleasantly by the very door. Glendalough is a place, too, to which those who want to gain longevity should go, for St. Kevin left the blessing of his one hundred and twenty years upon his loved people. I once sat down by an old man who was chopping wood in a glade on Lugduff. "You all live to a great age here?" I asked. "Live!" said he. "We live so long here they have to shoot us in the end!"

Nor need the visitor fear monotony at Glendalough. From the Seven Churches it is but a short way to Lough Dan—to famed Glenmalure, where, in 1580, in a great battle between the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes—lords of Wicklow—and the English, the traitor Cosby met his death; Cosby, the foremost to plan and to execute the massacre of Mullaghmast. Pleasant excursions can be planned to the top of Lugnaquilla, the highest mountain in Leinster; to the lovely Glen of the Downs; to Avondale and the Meeting of the Waters. In fine, to the hundred beauteous spots that make Wicklow truly the garden of Ireland, whose scenery and whose people but grow the dearer the longer we spend amongst them.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

GAELIC POETRY.

The Woman of Three Cows.

I

O Woman of Three Cows, agragh!
Don't let your tongue thus rattle!
Oh! don't be saucy, don't be stiff,
Because you may have cattle,
I've seen—and here's my hand to you,
I only say what's true—
A many a one with twice your stock
Not half so proud as you.

II

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor,
And don't be their despiser,
For worldly wealth soon melts away,
And cheats the very miser;
And Death soon strips the proudest wreath
From haughty human brows;
Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud,
Good Woman of Three Cows!

III

See where Moconla's heroes lie,
Proud Owen More's descendants;
'Tis they that won the glorious name,
And had the grand attendants!
If *they* were forced to bow to Fate,
As every mortal bows,
Can you be proud, can you be stiff
My Woman of Three Cows?

IV

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare,
They left the land to mourning!
Mavrone! for they were famished
With no hope of their returning—
Who knows in what abodes of want
Those youths were driven to house?
Yet you can give yourself these airs,
O Woman of Three Cows!

V

Oh, think of Donnell of the Ships,
The chief whom nothing daunted—
See how he fell in distant Spain,
Unchronicled, unchanted!
He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan,
Where thunder cannot rouse—
Then ask yourself, should you be proud
Good Woman of Three Cows!

VI

O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire,
Whose names are shrined in story—
Think how their high achievements once
Made Erin's greatest glory—
Yet now their bones lie mould'ring
Under weeds and cypress boughs,
And so, for all your pride, will yours,
O Woman of Three Cows!

VII

Th' O'Carrolls also famed when fame
Was only for the boldest,
Rest in forgotten sepulchres
With Erin's best and oldest;
Yet who so great as they, of yore,
In battle or carouse?
Just think of that, and hide your head,
Good Woman of Three Cows!

VIII

Your neighbor's poor, and you it seems
Are big with vain ideas,
Because, forsooth, you've got three cows,—
One more, I see, than she has;
That tongue of yours wags more at times
Than Charity allows
But, if you're strong, be merciful,
Great Woman of Three Cows!

IX

Now, there you go! you still, of course,
Keep up your scornful bearing.
And I'm too poor to hinder you;
But, by the cloak I'm wearing,
If I had but four cows myself,
Even tho' you were my spouse,
I would thwack you well to cure your pride,
My Woman of Three Cows!

The Irish translation will appear next week.

RECENT IRISH MARRIAGES.

July 30, Arthur Evelyn, youngest son of the late W. G. Bradley, Esq., Undercliffe, Dublin, to Edith Katherine, daughter of the late Samuel Boyce, Esq., D.L., R.I.C., Banbridge.

July 29, Rev. J. Boyle Glover, M.A., of Downpatrick, to Lily, eldist daughter of John Boyce, Esq., Quorn, South Australia.

July 30, William G. Watson, of Mountmellick, to Deborah Isabella, widow of the late William Neale, Mountmellick.

July 31, Richard Barrett, M. D., J. P., Hedgefield, to Jane Gertrude, third daughter of Charles Raycroft, Gurteenroe House, Macroom, county Cork.

Aug. 4, Cormac S. McGuinness, No. 49 St. Patrick's road, Drumcondra, eldest son of Mr. Philip McGuinness, Tulrusk, Co. Leitrim, to Agnes J. Burrows, youngest daughter of Mr. Richard Burrows, Annadale Villa, Fairview, county Dublin.

July 31, William, youngest son of Thos. Prendergast, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Kearney, Irongrange, county Wicklow.

July 30, Francis Shields, solicitor, Omagh, to Mittie, third daughter of D. J. Roantree, Sligo.

July 29, Samuel Willoughby, fifth son of the late John W. Willoughby, Mayo, Queens county, to Anne Cooper (Nannie), eldest daughter of the late William Cooper, Coolkenno, county Wicklow.

July 27, Thomas Mulrooney, manager at Mullin's, Ballinasloe, youngest son of Michael Mulrooney, Emola, Castlerea, to Mary (Mollie), second daughter of John Campbell, Ballymacoll, Dunboyne.

July 29, John McMahon, Miltownmalbay, to Mary E. Hayes, youngest daughter of Thomas Hayes, Shanaway, county Clare.

July 29, John Burke, merchant, Shop street, Galway, to Sarah, youngest daughter of the late Michael Hayes, Esq., Ballybane, Loughrea.

July 30, T. J. Casey, merchant, Ballina, to Elizabeth Josephine (Lizzie), third daughter of the late P. MacNulty, Esq., clerk of the Ballina Union.

July 31, John Joseph Molony, sub agent Bank of Ireland, Arklow, eldest son of Michael L. Molony, New Park Lodge, Kilkenny, to Catherine Augusta, eldest daughter of the late Rev. William Cooke, county Wexford.

July 31, Patrick Brady, Derin, to Mary, eldest daughter of John McKiernan, Corleemore.

MR. EDWARD MITCHELL'S BIG DRAW

He Got His $30,000 and Sailed Across the Sea.

For a man who can talk so eloquently when he chooses, Mr. Edward Mitchell, whose office is at 14 Main street east, is a reticent man. He did mention to a few intimate friends that he was going away for a trip to Europe for his health, but he had nothing at all to say about having held one twentieth of ticket No. 59,845, which drew the first capital prize of $600,000 in the drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery Co. on June 17, and there were very few who knew he had got the money. "He never told his luck, but let concealment, like a worm," etc., etc., etc. Not until Mr. Mitchell had got as far as New York was the fact of the big prize of $30,000 coming to Hamilton noised abroad. But truth, like murder, will out, and when Ned comes marching home again he will have to do the honors. Mr. Mitchell is a great favorite in Hamilton, particularly in business circles and among his Masonic brethren, where his oratorical achievements have made him famous. No one will begrudge him his good fortune, nor insist that he shall "endow a college or a cat" with the proceeds. If he had "given the snap away" before he left town, he might have got the offer of a private secretary to accompany him to Europe to help blow in the $30,000. Why he neglected a chance like that will remain a mystery until his return home.—*Hamilton (Ont.) Times, July 5.*

Through Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers Between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore.

The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore. The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p.m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K. Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held.

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Galligan, pastor. Residence 125 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2934 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Edwin Kelly, S. J., pastor. Residence 417 W. Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 7:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 658 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dearborn sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2939 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 35th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. M. J. Dunne, pastor. Residence 3548 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomucek Jaeger, C.S.S.R., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 236 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. S. M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 265 N. Sangamon st.

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. M. Neumann, O.S.F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. H. Bronsgeest, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 333 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. P. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 886 Ashland av

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of McGregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 486 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st., between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 407 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Cornar Eugene and Huribut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Jos. Essing, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 324 Huribut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 163 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2964 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. George Rathe, pastor.

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 353 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 321 N. Paulina street.

St. Stanislaus Kostka—Noble and Ingraham sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7:30, 8, and 9:30 a m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Vincent Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Charles Borromeo's—Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a. m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st.

St. Mary's of Perpetual Help—Lancaster and Thirty-second sts. Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10. Attended from St. Adalbert's, Seventeenth and Paulina sts.

St. Joseph's—North Market and Hill sts. Masses at 5, 7:30 and 8:30 a.m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. B. Dolwick, O.S.F., pastor. Residence 208 N. Market

Church of Our Lady of Sorrows—W Jackson and Albany sts. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. A. Venturi, C. S., pastor Residence 1608 W. Jackson st.

St. George's—Wentworth ave., bet. 39th and 40th sts. Masses at 8 and 10 a. m.; Christian duties and vespers at 2:30 and 3 p. m. Rev. G. D. Heidmann, pastor. Residence 3019 Fifth av.

Holy Angels'—304 Oakwood Boulevard. Masses at 6, 7:30, 9 and 10 a. m; high mass at 11 a m; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m; vespers, instruction and benediction at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. A. Tighe, pastor.

St. Boniface's—Noble and Cornell streets. Masses at 7:30 and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Clement Venn, pastor. Residence, 34 Cornell st.

St. Wenceslaus'—DeKoven and Desplaines sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Joseph Molitor, pastor. Residence 187 DeKoven st.

St. Josaphat's Church—Belden and Southport aves. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 4 p m. Rev. F. Kosiowski, pastor. Residence 226 Southport av.

St. Adelbert—Corner Paulina and W. Seventeenth sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Radziejowski, pastor. Residence 712 W Seventeenth st.

BLOODSHED AT LAST.

Reckless Shooting of Pinkertons at Albany.

THREE PEOPLE BADLY WOUNDED.

Two Boys and a Woman Receive Ugly Wounds During a Reckless Fusillade by the "Guards"—Policemen Have a Tough Time Trying to Protect the Pinkertons from an Angry Crowd—Important Conferences at New York and Buffalo.

ALBANY, N. Y., Aug. 18.—Trouble was expected all along the line of the Central road within the city limits Sunday, owing to the fact that the Pinkerton men were known to be armed. These expectations were in part fulfilled. Nearly all the Pinkerton men were withdrawn Sunday from duty at crossings within the city limits, as their presence served to excite the throng of onlookers. The police took their place, and it is owing to this change that more than the following affair is not recorded. The stoning of the Pinkerton men was continued Sunday up to noon, with no serious results. About 1 o'clock James Hatton, of New York, a Pinkerton man, was patrolling the tracks in the vicinity of Van Woert street. He claims to have been struck with a stone in the chest, while his companion who was on duty at that point was knocked down and severely hurt by a gang of roughs. Then he fired his revolver into the crowd, the ball striking a small boy aged 15 years, named Richard Dwyer. Dwyer received an ugly wound in the hip and is now in the hospital. He will recover.

A Lively Shaking Up.

Hatton had no time to fire another shot. The crowd surged around him and before the police could interfere his clothes were torn off his back. He was struck with fists and clubs and presented a pitiable spectacle when rescued from the anger of the crowd by the police, who were obliged to draw their revolvers to stem the crowding mass of people. One policeman had his coat torn off him in the fight. Hatton was taken to the station house, where, after his wounds were dressed by the police surgeon, he was locked up on the charge of assault in the second degree. Hatton would surely have suffered death had not the police come to his assistance when they did. These occurrences aroused the passions of the spectators, mostly roughs and hoodlums, as nothing else has since the strike was declared. Their number increased and the chief of police, fearing further trouble, established his headquarters in the station house near by and placed all the reserves at that point.

A Reckless Fusillade.

At intervals after this freight trains came down from West Albany, past the crossing, on their way to New York. About 3 o'clock one of these trains passed through the city and the Pinkertons say it was stoned. The police claim such was not the case. At any event, when the train reached the Broadway viaduct, the Pinkertons on top of the freight cars, carrying Winchester rifles, began a reckless fusillade on the crowd standing in that vicinity. Four or five shots were fired without any provocation, and resulted in the injury of an innocent party. Mrs. Thomas Hogan was standing on the stoop of her residence on a near-by corner when a shot struck her in the right thigh. The train went right on. Mrs. Hogan was carried to her apartments, where the ball was extracted, and the physician says she will recover. After this incident Robert Pinkerton, who had charge of his forces here in person, called on Chief Willard. He said his men had been assaulted continually, and the firearms had been put in their possession only that they might be used when necessary in self-defense and in the work of protecting the company's property, which task had been allotted to him.

Would Stand by His Men.

He declared his readiness to turn over to the police any of his men who had committed a crime, and promised to investigate the shooting of Mrs. Hogan. He was sorry innocent parties had suffered, and added that it generally happened that way. Still he would stand by his men, against the wanton attacks of the roughs. Chief Willard expressed the belief that if the Pinkerton men had never been brought here the local police would have been abundantly able to cope with the situation. As it is he fears there will be further trouble if these men stay here, and says that in that event the local authorities could not be held responsible, as he had repeatedly informed Superintendent Bissell that the company's property would be well guarded by his own men if no other forces were brought here to inflame the passions of the sympathizers of the strikers.

The Third Victim.

While the two chiefs were talking the third victim was brought into the station house. He was Frank Parks, aged 18, and had been shot in the right arm above the elbow by one of the Pinkerton men on a freight train which passed through at 4 o'clock. This assailant escaped, the train continuing on its way. The boy claims to have been sitting on a post near a canal boat lying in the Little Basin, on which he is an employ. A Pinkerton man who fired into the crowd at the Van Woert street crossing was pursued up the tracks to West Albany by Officer Dunn and captured. The officer brought his prisoner back to the city by train, on the understanding that the engineer would stop and let them off near the station house. The train was not stopped, but continued on over the bridge to East Albany, where a crowd of Pinkerton men rescued the prisoner and handled the officer roughly. Capt. Davidson arrested a boy who was in the act of stoning a train and later was arrested for the same offense.

SITUATION AT NEW YORK.

President Webb Receives the Executive Committee.

NEW YORK, Aug. 18.—The executive committee of the Knights of Labor, who have been in session now and then at the St. Cloud Hotel since Friday noon last, finished their deliberations and presented the result of their consideration of the strike on the New York Central railroad to Third Vice President Webb Monday morning. The executive board, which consists of Messrs. Powderly, Secretary Hayes and J. J. Holland were joined early in the morning by Mr. A. W. Wright, who had just arrived from Albany. The four gentlemen left the hotel together at about 8 o'clock and held a conference with some of the local labor leaders in another part of the city. The result of this conference was that at about 10:30 o'clock Messrs. Holland and Wright presented themselves at the office of Mr. Webb in the Grand Central depot. Mr. Holland sent in his card, and he and Mr. Wright were at once invited into Mr. Webb's private office. After Mr. Wright had been formally introduced to Mr. Webb, Mr. Holland said:

Call on Mr. Webb.

"Mr. Webb, this communication, which I hand to you" (at the same time handing Mr. Webb a large envelope filled with bulky manuscript) "contains the result of the deliberations of the executive board of the Knights of Labor anent the strike on your road. I wish you would read it carefully and let us know what you think of it as soon as you can."

Mr. Webb replied as follows: "Gentlemen, I shall read your communication carefully, and reply to it just as soon as I have finished reading it. I shall probably have my answer ready by 1 o'clock, after which I shall forward it to you."

Messrs. Holland and Wright bade Mr. Webb good-day and left the office. There is no material change in the affairs of the Central road. Both passenger and freight trains are being dispatched as usual.

Mr. Powderly left this city for Buffalo late at night. He was accompanied by Secretary Hayes. The remaining members of the executive board led people astray by indorsing the impression through their silence that Mr. Powderly was still in town and nothing to the contrary could be learned at the St. Cloud hotel, where Mr. Powderly had been stopping. It was only at 1 o'clock Monday afternoon that Mr. Holland vouchsafed the information that Mr. Powderly was gone.

FEDERATION OF RAILWAY EMPLOYES

The Executive Committee of the Supreme Council in Session at Buffalo.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 18.—The executive committee of the Supreme Council of the Federation of Railway Employes went into session shortly before 1 o'clock Monday afternoon. General Master Workman Powderly is with them.

Chairman Sargent arrived at the Continental Hotel in the morning. He was seen soon after his arrival by a United Press reporter. "I had not meant to be interviewed," said he, "because there is little to say just yet. The executive committee, which consists of one man from each of the bodies represented in the federation will convene in a few minutes. I have called this meeting at the request of General Master Workman Powderly of the Knights of Labor. There will be present Grand Master Sweeny of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid association; S. E. Wilkinson, Grand Master Trainmen's association; George Howard, chairman of the Brotherhood of Conductors, and myself, representing the Brotherhood of Firemen. We intend to do what is right and just. The committee has the reputation of being cool-headed and careful in what they do. They have also the reputation of being resolute. I have called only the executive board of the supreme council thus far. If it is deemed best at the meeting I shall summon the entire council.

Mr. Sargent Interviewed.

After a conference of about two hours, Mr. Sargent came down stairs and was asked what had been done. "We have decided to go to New York on the first train," he said, "because that is the headquarters of the trouble. We have about got through our deliberations here, having for the most part simply canvassed the situation."

"Do you go to New York to confer with Mr. Webb?" "I have nothing to do with Mr. Webb," he replied. "That is all the news I have to give you; you must draw your own conclusions."

"In the conference is there harmony between Mr. Powderly and the brotherhood men?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Sargent, "perfect harmony." Mr. Sargent declined to answer a question as to the probability of members of the brotherhood represented in the conference being called out. He then returned to the conference, which is still in session.

Mr. Sargent also said that he may decide to call together all the members of the supreme council in New York, but declined to say whether the strike would be taken out of the hands of the Knights of Labor.

Population of the United States.

WASHINGTON CITY, Aug. 18.—The count of the population of the United States was practically completed Saturday by the census office. Of the 43,000 odd enumeration districts into which the country was divided the returns from all but about 1,200 have been received and counted. As fast as the returns are received from the districts still out they will be counted and added to the total. The result of the count as at present completed shows a population of 62,695,955, and when the entire count is finished the population of the country will be, as Mr. Porter estimates, about 64,000,000. This will be an increase during the past decade of about 30 per cent, which is about equal to the percentage of increase of the period from 1870 to 1880.

Met a Horrible Death.

BOSTON, Aug. 18.—Carmen, the 7-year-old daughter of Signor Guiseppi Campanari, the renowned baritone and violinist, met with a horrible death Friday, the facts of which have just been made public. While at play in a field she fell into a pool of boiling water and was so badly scalded that her flesh dropped from her bones in many places. In spite of her terrible injuries she lived several hours. The water escaped from a pipe connected with the engine which operates the elevator in the hotel in which Campanari was living. Little Carmen was a musical prodigy and was being trained for the stage.

An Exodus of Negroes.

RALEIGH, N. C., Aug. 1. —The negroes of this state have an emigration society which co-operates with the railroad agents from the south and west in furthering the exodus of the blacks. It was learned Saturday from the Rev. J. R. Ferebee, vice president of the association, that next autumn and winter the movement will be fully as great as ever before, but will be to the north and west,

Going Heavily into Excursions.

CHICAGO, Aug. 18.—At Springfield the secretary of state has issued letters of incorporation to the American Excursion and Transportation company of Chicago, the object of which is to carry on a general excursion and transportation business between Chicago and all parts of the American continent. The capital stock is $10,000,000.

A CLEVER RASCAL.

How He Swindled the Reading, Mich., Bank of $300.

READING, Mich., Aug. 19.—The bank of Reading has been swindled in a clever manner. Early last week a business like appearing man walked into the bank and told the cashier that he was selling groceries at wholesale to farmers through that section and wanted to know if the bank would purchase such notes as he should get from the farmers. Mr. Northrop, the cashier, answered him in the affirmative and the stranger departed. On Thursday the "grocery agent" called upon Walter A. Jones, a farmer, living in the south part of Allen township, and displayed samples of groceries which he was selling to farmers at extraordinary low prices. Mr. Jones went through the list and gave him an order for about $41.50 worth of goods.

Excellent Forgeries.

The stranger then made a list of the goods ordered with prices affixed on thin paper and Mr. Jones signed the same as a guarantee that he would receive the goods. The stranger then went to Isaac Sheriff and by the same tactics obtained his signature to a bill of groceries. On Saturday the stranger again appeared at the Reading bank with two blank notes filled up, each for $150, and signed respectively by Walter A. Jones and Isaac Sheriff. Both were known to the bank to be responsible, and the notes were purchased at a discount. Monday the farmers upon being notified that the notes were at the bank, came to the bank and denied having made any such notes. The signatures are excellent forgeries, and were obtained by tracing over the signature on the bill of groceries.

A CANDIDATE FOR HEMP.

He Tries to Kill His Father-in-Law and Raises Cain Generally.

CARBON BLUFFS, Ills., Aug. 19.—Albert Evans played the desperado here for several hours Monday and ran things with a high hand. Not long ago he married the daughter of Charles Cushman and since then he has lived with his wife's family. Quarrels have been frequent, and Monday Evans in a fit of rage seized a shotgun and fired at Cushman without hitting him. Cushman rushed out into the yard, and Evans attacked his wife with a razor, inflicting several deep cuts upon her arm and hand. He then grabbed a club and pursued Cushman about the farm until the arrival of neighbors put him to flight. Shortly he set Cushman's barn on fire. It was one of the largest barns in the county and was completely destroyed. Three horses and several head of cattle perished in the flames, and a large amount of hay, corn and agricultural implements was destroyed. Farmers in the neighborhood armed themselves with pitchforks, shotguns and rope and set out out to capture Evans with the avowed determination of lynching him, but he escaped. He made his way to Rock Island and gave himself up to the sheriff. He is now in jail and appears to be insane.

STOLEN BY GYPSIES.

A Glad Reunion at Moline, Ills., After Forty Years.

MOLINE, Ills., Aug. 19.—Forty years ago Hiram Gregg, 8 years old, disappeared from the home of his parents at Elmira, N. Y. Search was instituted and kept up for several months, but without result. The parents removed to the west some time afterward and finally settled near this place. A man of 48 appeared at the Gregg homestead and announced himself as the boy who disappeared forty years ago. According to his story he was stolen by gypsies, who took him to Wisconsin. He was cruelly used by his captors, and oftentimes had been beaten and threatened with death. About fifteen years ago Hiram married and his gypsie foster-mother disappeared. Hiram and his wife took up their residence at Richardson, Oak county, Wis., where they lived until a mysterious communication was received by Hiram telling him his real name, and that his mother was living near Moline. This led to an investigation which resulted in the meeting. It is presumed that the letter was written by one of the gypsies in a fit of remorse.

Lady Dunlo a Litigant Again.

LONDON, Aug. 19.—Viscountess Dunlo (nee Bilton) is about to appear before the public again in the character of a litigant. The lady has instituted a suit for damages against the proprietors of a Dublin newspaper. She alleges that some of the matters published by the newspaper in connection with the recent unsuccessful suit for divorce brought against her by her husband were of a libelous nature. The viscountess has declared her fixed determination to abandon the stage at the expiration of her present two years' engagement.

A Base Ball Deal Incubating.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 19.—The Philadelphia Brotherhood club, it is said, are about to buy out the Athletic club of this city. No actual negotiations to this end have yet begun, but it is understood that the Athletic stockholders are willing to sell. The object of the Brotherhood in purchasing the club will be to get the use of the name and to make the base ball situation in this city less complicated. Catcher Robinson and Third Baseman Lyon will probably join the Brotherhood club in the event of the purchase.

Tried to Cut His Throat.

PARIS, Ill., Aug. 19.—A cowardly attempt at assassination took place in Elbridge township Saturday night. A church festival was in progress at Coal Creek chapel, and Leonard Thorneberg, 21 years of age was passing around the building when some villain sprang out behind him and cut his throat. Thorneberg was reported in a dangerous condition Monday. As he had not been quarreling with any one the name of his assailant and the motive for the attack are alike a mystery.

Struck Against a New Scale.

GREAT FALLS, Mont., Aug. 19.—The miners at Sand Coulee coal mines have gone out on a strike. The company last Saturday notified the men that a new basis of pay would go into effect on Monday. Heretofore the men were paid by the day. Under the new system they were to receive pay by the ton, but the miners claim that the rates are too low to enable them to live, and struck.

Parliament Takes a Rest.

LONDON, Aug. 19.—Parliament was prorogued Monday. The queen's speech was as usual a brief document and very dry. It refers to the Behring Sea difficulty, and says the government has offered to arbitrate the matter.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

Col. Veazey, of Vermont, Succeeds Gen. Alger.

THE PENSION COMMITTEE'S REPORT.

The Disability Pension Bill the Most Liberal Measure of Its Kind Ever Passed by a Legislative Body—A Beautiful Clock Presented to Comrade Warner — Department Commander Clarkson Decorated by the Woman's Relief Corps.

BOSTON, Aug. 14.—Gen. Wheelock G. Veazey, of Vermont, was Wednesday elected commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, to succeed Gen. Alger. Col. Veazey is one of the interstate commerce commissioners, is a native of New Hampshire, and has just passed his 50th year. Richard F. Tobin, of Massachusetts, was chosen senior vice commander and George P. Creamer, of Maryland, junior vice commander. Other elections were deferred till Thursday. Detroit was unanimously chosen as the location of the next encampment.

Report of the Pension Committee.

The Grand Army encampment was not called to order until nearly 11 o'clock Thursday. Past Commander-in-Chief Merrill presented the report of the pension committee, which was adopted by a unanimous rising vote, the encampment expressing its thanks for the valuable report of the committee. The report of the pension committee details the work of its members in securing and aiding pension legislation in congress and its successful efforts in regard to the disability pension bill that became a law July 27. "This law," says the report, "while not in precise form of the bill presented by the committee preserves the most important features thereof, and while not just what was asked is the most liberal pension measure ever passed by any legislative body in the world, and will place upon the rolls all of the survivors of the war whose conditions of health are not practically perfect."

Thanked for Their Services.

Hon. C. R. Davis, of Minnesota, and Hon. E. H. Morrill, of Kansas, chairmen respectively of the senate and house committees on pensions, came in for most grateful mension for services rendered the committee, and the G. A. R. is congratulated that its pension work has become so nearly complete through the enactment of the disability bill. Comrades Kounts, Burst and Fairchild, members of successive terms on the committtee, announced their desire to withdraw from the committee and they will not accept reappointment thereon.

A Clock for Comrade Warner.

At this point Gen. Alger requested Comrade Sherman to step upon the platform and as the general walked down the aisle there was a storm of applause and cheers. Comrade Warner was then requested to ascend the platform with Past Commander-in-Chief Devens. Gen. Sherman then in a feeling manner presented Comrade Warner with a beautiful candelabra clock and set. Comrade Warner eloquently responded.

WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS.

A Decoration for Department Commander Clarkson, of New York.

BOSTON, Aug. 14.—At Tremont temple Thursday forenoon, the floor presented a lively appearance as the delegates to the Women's Relief corps convention were getting ready for the election of officers. Some vigorous electioneering was done. The exercises opened soon after 10 a. m. with the opening ode and the reading of the secretary's report. A communication was read from Phil Kearney post 10, G. A. R., acknowledging substantial aid from the Woman's Relief corps in the matter of funds for the decoration of graves. Past department president, Mrs. Bancroft, of Ohio, presented the report of the instituting and installing officers, which was followed by reports of the standing committees.

Mr. Clarkson Decorated.

In the midst of business, Department Commander Floyd Clarkson, of New York, was presented as one of the men who had done most to further the work of relief corps. He was enthusiastically greeted and spoke briefly. Mrs. Nettenmeyer responded in a complimentary speech. Mr. Clarkson was then decorated with the eighth national badge of the order and escorted from the hall. Mrs. Emma P. Hampton, past national president read a resolution relating to the important secret business of the order and a spirited discussion followed.

Collision on the Rail.

ALTON, Ills., Aug. 16.—A serious wreck was caused on the St. Louis, Alton and Springfield road six miles from this city Friday evening. Owing to the negligence of a flagman a passenger train crashed into a construction train. Both engines were completely wrecked, as was also the car on the work train and mail-car on the passenger train. The passengers all escaped with nothing more than bad bruises, but some of the crew of both trains were badly injured, three of them fatally.

Dixey Sued for Divorce.

NEW YORK, Aug. 16.—Mrs. Ida J. Dixey has instituted a suit in the supreme court for a limited divorce from Henry E. Dixey, the comedian, on the ground of abandonment and non-support. Upon the wife's application Judge Beach Friday granted an order for the service of the summonses and publication. The couple were married June 2, 1878, and have two children. Her complaint asks a separation from bed and board and a suitable allowance for herself and children.

Brown Has His Innings Now.

MISSOURI VALLEY, Ia., Aug. 16.—T. Brown has begun suit against ex-Mayor Seaton and F. M. Dance for alleged defamation of character in testimony given by them before the grand jury last spring, which resulted in the indictment of Brown for perjury, of which charge he was acquitted.

Is One Hundred Years Old.

BARABOO, Wis., Aug. 16.—Mrs. M. Kiver, of Westfield, celebrated her 100th birthday Friday. She still enjoys excellent health and is an extensive reader. Her husband and three sons served three years in the war.

Perrin Gets Five Years.

ASHLAND, Wis., Aug. 16.—A motion for a new trial in the Hurley bank robbery case was denied Saturday and Perrin was sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

RAILWAY WRECK IN MICHIGAN.

The Engineer and Fireman Killed and Several Passengers Hurt.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., Aug. 16.—A frightful accident occurred Friday afternoon about 5 o'clock on the Michigan Central railroad fourteen miles east of this city, at the town of Augusta. The North Shore limited express going east, made up entirely of palace cars, was running at a speed of fifty-five miles an hour when it ran into an open switch, and with a terrific crash split a freight train heavily loaded into a frightful wreck. The limited train has full right of way and makes no stops except at important stations, and owing to this fact the engineer and fireman were not at all apprehensive. The freight train was on a long siding, facing west, and the switch at the end was all right; but midway to the long switch is a second short switch leading to the siding, and this was open.

The Killed and Injured.

The heavy mogul engine of the limited plunged and caught the freight about midway its length. It crashed through six freight cars and plowed into the east end of the depot building, wrecking it badly. The engine was thrown over on its side and almost in an instant the boiler burst. The killed are: Robert Gregg, engineer; Charles McRoberts, fireman. There were seventy passengers on the limited, and of these the following were injured: Ex-Mayor Hower, Battle Creek, side and back injured; G. C. Morris, Detroit, ribs broken and chest crushed: Mrs. P. Powell, Chicago, scalp wound; C. S. Keene, Chicago, head cut; Clarence Cassidy, Augusta, fatally; George Stearn, New York, conductor of buffet car, badly bruised; Charles Buckner, Detroit, baggageman, arm cut.

IN HIS WIFE'S PRESENCE.

A Farmer Knocked Down by Toughs and His Throat Cut.

LAWRENCEVILLE, Ill., Aug. 16.—Henry Draper had his throat cut on the Illinois side of the Wabash river near Vincennes. While Draper was looking at the fireworks on the river three men jostled his wife off the levee. He remonstrated with them, and he was at once hit on the head with a billy. While he lay on the ground another of the trio jumped on him and cut his throat. He was carried to Vincennes and will die. His wife and children witnessed the whole scene. Draper was a resident of Russellville and a highly respected farmer.

Arrest of the Toughs.

The toughs who are said to have attacked him were captured soon after by Sheriff Gowen and placed in jail here. They are Daniel and Peck Peace, brothers, of Crawford county, and formerly from Kentucky. The sheriff found a blood-stained knife on Daniel Peace and a billy on his brother. The third man was also arrested, but released Friday. The prisoners deny committing the assault on Draper and say the man who did it gave them the weapons. There was some talk of a lynching if Draper died. Nine men have been killed in this county the last few years, the last one while the court was sitting in the Palmer case Friday night.

A Preacher Declared Insane.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Aug. 16.—Theodore Haven, pastor of the Methodist church at Millbrook, Duches county, was Friday committed to the Hudson River State Hospital for the Insane. His father was Bishop E. O. Haven. The physicians who examined the son say he is morbid and suspicious and charges that his wife has been untrue to him. The neighbors declare that there is no truth in the charge. He abused her and struck her, and it becoming impossible for her to live with him she left him about two months ago.

Murder at a "Box Social."

UNIONTOWN, Pa., Aug. 18.—Another murder has been added to the Fayette county list. At a "box social" given at Church hill, near McClellandtown, James Huhn and William Freeman, both of Germand township, got into a fight over some trifling matter. Huhn drew a revolver and fired three shots at Freeman, two of which took effect in his body, killing him almost instantly. Both had been drinking heavily at the time. Huhn was placed in jail.

Can Not Tax Fertilizers.

RALEIGH, N. C., Aug. 16.—Judge Seymour, of the United States circuit court, in the case of the American Fertilizer company, of Norfolk, Va., vs. the North Carolina commission of agriculture, involving the constitutionality of the license tax of $500 on each brand of fertilizer sold in the state, has rendered an opinion adverse to the state. The decision sets forth that the collection of the tax is a violation of the interstate commerce law.

George on the Single Tax Idea.

LONDON, Aug. 16.—Henry George Thursday evening addressed a most enthusiastic meeting at Walworth. In the course of his remarks he said that he had found, during his present stay in the country, that the single tax principle was progressing at an enormous rate in England. He also declared that the prospects were very hopeful for a drastic alteration of the land laws.

Bicycle Records Broken.

HARTFORD, Conn., Aug. 16.—H. E. Lourie, the English bicyclist, beat the best 5-mile record at Charter Oak park, making the distance in 13:39 2-5. The best previous American record was 14:07 3-5. Laurie was paced by fast riders. P. J. Burle of Boston broke the 1-mile amateur record, going the distance in 2:36 The previous record was 2:37 2-5. The tournament of the wheel club begins Sept. 1 and 2.

An Indian Fire Bug's Work.

CHAMBERLAIN, S. D., Aug. 16.—The Indian mission on White river was nearly swept out of existence by fire Friday, started by a lower Brule Indian. The rascal stole a horse and escaped to the interior of the reservation. The fire was extinguished before serious damage was done.

Soldiers Dissatisfied.

HALIFAX, N. S., Aug. 16.—The number of desertions of troops at this garrison has increased to alarming proportions during the past few months, and indicates much discontent. Gen. Sir John Ross has been called upon to report on the causes of the disaffection.

Flour Mills Consumed by Fire.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Aug. 16.—The Crystal flour mills at Shingle Creek, Forty-third avenue north and the river road, were burned shortly after midnight, with several small frame buildings and sheds near by. The mills were valued at $40,000.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Lawrence Groo, a brother of Byron Groo, editor of The Salt Lake Herald, committed suicide by shooting himself through the head.

Councilman Michael J. Sharkey of Wilmington, Del., has been held in $2,000 bail for appearance for challenging Charles William Edwards of The Evening Journal, a Democratic newspaper, to fight a duel.

W. D. Tyler, a traveling sign-painter, while being conveyed from Macon, Miss., to the county work-farm to work out a sentence for house-breaking, jumped through the car window while the train was in motion and broke his neck.

Tory newspapers in England are greatly puzzled over the honors paid in Ireland and this country to the memory of John Boyle O'Reilly.

While making a trip from Boston to Halifax, Capt. Obid Knowlton of the Trader ran across a sea monster eighty feet long and striped like a zebra.

The reports that cholera has appeared at Cairo are not true. The health of the city is excellent.

Frank Saur, a gardener of St. Louis, shot Thomas J. Cook, a 9-year-old boy whom he caught in his vineyard plucking grapes.

The river and harbor bill was passed Saturday in the senate.

London dockmen Sunday celebrated their first anniversary of organized unskilled labor over capital.

A special palace car is now building for the transportation of Stanley and his wife when the former fulfills his lecture engagement in this country in the fall.

The king of Holland is in a very precarious state of health.

The average yield of wheat in the United Kingdom will be 28.50 bushels to the acre.

Saturday evening the Hercules Torpedo company's magazine, near Buckland, was blown up, and the concussion destroyed everything around it. A locomotive on the Lake Erie & Western road set fire to the grass along the track, and it finally reached the magazine, which was blown to fragments.

At Bloomsburg, Pa., Saturday, Frank Schwiaski and Patrick Monahan were shot and seriously wounded by John Winnies. Schwiaski and Monahan had insulted Winnies' wife.

Henry Parish quarreled with a man named Thompson near Tintic, Nev., killed him and was lynched, Thompson was Parish's second victim.

Universal suffrage agitation in Belgium may lead, it is said, to revolution or to a strike of all labor organizations.

At Wuhu, China, a priest was burnt to death by order of a higher priest for misconduct toward a woman. He was placed in a large stack of hay saturated with oil.

Phelps Perrin, found guilty of robbing the Hurley bank, was sentenced Saturday at Ashland, Wis., to five years' imprisonment.

Jacob Dively, a well known young farmer of Septon township, near Vandalia, Ill., was kicked in the head by a horse Saturday, crushing his skull. He will die.

Lord Salisbury has offered to arbitrate over the Behring Sea seal difficulty.

Five thousand dollars spent for flowers alone at a London party is said to characterize the general prodigality of the season.

The best brands of Havana cigars sell at $800 a thousand in Cuba. The American dealer (if he keeps them) puts their selling price at $1.50 each.

Gladstone and the Deaf Mutes.

LONDON, Aug. 19.—On Saturday last Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone received 100 deaf mutes from Manchester at Hawarden. Mr. Gladstone addressed them in a short speech, which Mrs. Gladstone rendered into the deaf and dumb alphabet to the great contentment of the visitors, who returned much pleased with their kind reception.

Will Let Up on the Interest.

ATCHISON, Kan., Aug. 18.—In view of the losses sustained by the farmers of Kansas on account of the drought, various financial institutions have notified the farmers upon whose lands they have mortgages that they will supply them with seed wheat this fall and give a year's extension on interest coupons.

Three hundred cigarmakers struck work at Philadelphia Monday for an increase af $1 per 1,000.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago.

CHICAGO, Aug. 18.

On the board of trade to-day quotations were as follows: Wheat—No. 2 August, opened —, closed $1.01¼; September, opened $1.04¾, closed $1.02; December, opened $1.07, closed $1.05¾. Corn—No. 2 August, opened 49¼c, closed 48¾c; September, opened 49¼c, closed 48¾c; May, opened 53¾c, closed 52¾c. Oats—No. 2 August, opened —, closed 36¾c; September, opened 36¾c, closed 35¾c; May, opened 40c, closed 39c. Pork—October, opened and closed $10.90; January, opened $12.45, closed $12.47½; May, opened $13.15, closed $13.05. Lard—September, opened $6.22½, closed $6.17½.

Live stock—Union stock yards prices: Hogs—Market opened moderately active, choice lots 5c higher; other lots unchanged; light grades, $3.55@4.10; rough packing, $3.30@3.60; mixed lots, $3.55@3.97½; heavy packing and shipping lots, $3.60@4.00.

Produce: Butter—Fancy separator, 19½@20c per lb; fine gathered cream, 15@16; fine to good imitations, 10@12c; dairies, finest fresh, 13@14c; fresh packing stocks, 6@7c. Eggs—Strictly fresh, 12@13c per doz. Poultry—Chickens, hens, 8½@9c per lb; spring chickens, 10c; roosters, 5@5½c; turkeys, mixed lots, 9@10c; ducks, 8@9c; spring ducks, 10@11c; geese, $4@5 per doz. Potatoes—Early Ohio, $2.75@3.00 per bbl; New Jersey Rose, $3.50@3.75. Apples—New Illinois green, $1.75@3.50 per bbl. Berries Huckleberries—50@75c per box; $1.50 per 16-qt case. Blackberries—Michigan, $1.00@1.50 per 16-qt case.

Broom corn—Hurl, 5@6c per lb; whisk brush, 5@6c; green, self-working, 4½@5c; inside and covers, 3@4c; common brush, 2½@3½c; crooked, 2@3½c.

New York.

NEW YORK, Aug. 18.

Wheat—No. 2 red winter, $1.09@1.09¾ cash; do September, $1.08¾; do October, 1.08¾; doDecember, 1.09¾. Corn—No. 2 mixed, 56@56¼c cash; do September, 55¼c; do October, 56¼c; do December, 57¼c. Oats—Quiet; No. 2 mixed 46@47c cash; do September, 42½c; do October, 42c. Rye—Nominal. Barley—Dull and uncha ged. Pork—Quiet but firm; mess, $12.50@13.25. Lard—Dull and nominally unchanged.

Live Stock: Cattle—Trading slow, and prices declined 10c ₱ 100 lbs; poorest to best native steers, $3.75@5.25 ₱ 100 lbs; Texans and Coloredos, $2.60@3.75; bulls and dry cows, $2.00@3.00. Sheep and Lambs—Market dull and strong; 10c ₱ lb lower, sheep, $4.25@5.50 ₱ 100 lbs; lambs, $5.25@7.00. Hogs—Nominally dull; live hogs, $4.00@4.25 ₱ 100 lbs.

Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 18.

Wheat—Quiet; No. 2 spring on track cash, $1@1.02; September, 97½c. Corn—Firm; No. 3 on track, 53c. Oats Steady; No. 2 white on track cash, new, 37@38c. Rye—Firm; No. 1 in store, 62½c. Barley Quiet; No. 2 in store, 67c.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

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CHICAGO, AUGUST 23, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"The Crystal Slipper."

McVICKER'S THEATRE,
Madison-st., between Dearborn and State—"Shenandoah."

COLUMBIA THEATRE,
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"The County Fair."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—M. B. Curtis in "The Shatchen."

HOOLEY'S THEATRE,
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"The Charity Ball."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
Halstead street near Madison.—Howard & "Among the Pines."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM,
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA,
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

FUTURE OF THE IRISH MOVEMENT.

It is cheering to observe that, outside of Chicago where the spirit of factiousness still lingers among a few misguided men, the Irish race throughout the earth is solidifying in the struggle for the attainment of Irish liberty. At the Milwaukee demonstration of Irish Nationalists, last Monday, the Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, of Detroit, treasurer of the Irish National League of America, stated that the amount of money sent from this country to Ireland for the purposes of agitation and sustenance since 1879, averaged $100 000 per year. For several years the burden of maintaining the struggle against England devolved almost wholly upon the Irish in America, but, of late, the Irish in Ireland have borne their full share of the expenses, as will be seen by reference to Dr. O'Reilly's speech, published in another column.

It would seem that there is a general disposition on the part of the Irish people everywhere to give Parnell the "one chance" in parliamentary effort he asks for. To this end, Messrs. John Dillon and William O'Brien will visit America in October, and, doubtless, the "one chance more" will be the burden of their addresses. The gentlemen named are good and true Irishmen. Dillon is less energetic than O'Brien, but both are heroically brave, as they have proven in many a trying time at home and abroad. No Irishman who has a heart for his fatherland fail to respect Dillon and O'Brien, but it will be well to ask them, when they come here, on what do they base their hopes of a Home Rule triumph at the next general election, whenever that event may take place. It is claimed, as we know, that the sentiment in England has undergone some change in favor of a measure of Home Rule for Ireland since 1886, but a mere change of a few thousand votes would not count in the final result. A moral revolution must sweep over England before what Parnell hopes for can be achieved. Gladstone must go back to parliament with a majority of, at least, fifty in the house of commons before he can pass a Home Rule bill that the house of lords would not dare to reject. Any skimpy majority would only be provocative of another appeal to the British and Irish people, and the drain on the purse of the poorer party would be certain to have bad results in the long run. The wealth of Great Britain and Ireland is centered, for the most part, in the Tories and the Liberal Unionists, and they can stand any amount of election taxes without feeling the strain. THE CITIZEN, true to its policy of promoting harmony in the ranks of the Irish Nationalists, of every shade of opinion, will do nothing to hinder the mission of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien, but it warns both gentlemen that they will have to give more convincing reasons for their belief in the triumph of Home Rule than have yet been set forth by the advocates of parliamentary agitation. THE CITIZEN frankly says that it has no faith in either the intelligence or the magnanimity of the majority of the English people. If they were an intelligent race they would vote for Home Rule as an honorable way of escaping from a chronic political difficulty, and if they were a magnanimous people they would vote for the measure because it would be just and equitable. The Scotch and the Welsh showed themselves, in 1886, entirely superior to the English in their view of the Irish question, and the result has been the softening of many asperities that had previously existed in the relations to each other of the three Celtic provinces of the alleged United Kingdom. Had the English acted with common sense and decency, in 1866, as Gladstone urged them to do, there is no doubt that the measure of Home Rule would have, in a great degree, mollified the always too easily placated people of Ireland.

But, should the next general election prove fatal to Irish hopes, what is to follow—still more agitation? Well, it would require an enormous amount of gall in any Irish leader to come before the Irish race again with such a proposition. For more than five years the practical revolutionists among the Irish Nationalists everywhere have given way to the "moderate" men, in the hope that the comparative liberty, at least, of Ireland would be wrested from her oppressors without resort to violence of any kind. It is a great mistake for certain cold-blooded people to imagine that the revolutionary element in the Irish race is dead. It is not even sleeping. It has its eye on the parliamentary policy, and if the looked for triumph of Gladstone at the English polls should fail, doubtless the Irish "extremists" will be able, as of old, to find some means of accelerating the very latent "liberality" of England. The milk and water element among us need not raise their hands in holy horror at the idea of such an outcome. The Irish people in America cannot, and will not, stand the eternal tax upon their resources, and their patience, fostered by perpetual agitation in Ireland. The zealous among them, all peaceable methods failing, will find some avenue by which to reach the guilty conscience of England, and strike her with that "abject terror" which, as Gladstone well said, is the surest road to her consideration.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

With almost the fullest span of years allotted to man, as a crown upon him years blessed and made beautiful and fruitful of a far reaching good by high endeavor and ceaseless work, John Henry Newman, Cardinal, has passed away and been laid in the earth. In him has gone from sight one of the noblest, most inspiring, and yet most restful figures in this time of religious confusion and upheaval. When "liberalism" and agnosticism and rank atheism are frightening and putting on the defensive, weaker leaders, it is something to miss the calm, high, soul for which the storm had no terrors. "Be at peace," he said to his people, "God is over all and will direct everything. Live the thing you have been taught in your Church and let the priests take thought only for their teaching and preaching. The "isms" will have little power and short existence if the Faith is faithfully taught and practiced."

Cardinal Newman's life was an intensely spiritual one, with as little of the earth in it as a mortal's life may have. In his earliest manhood, at a time when the allurements and glamor of the world hide away often, from the purest souls, the concerns of the inner life his vision was undimmed—his soul, unsatisfied, was searching for God and His truth, and when they were found he was their valiant knight while life lasted. By wonderful tongue and pen, eloquent, graceful, and withal powerful, as were, perhaps, no others of his time, he fought early and late for the Church of his love and adoption. Not alone was he a lamp bearer and guide to souls struggling and groping for what he had found, also by hard endeavor, but he was an inspiration and example to those whose happier lot it was to have no need for searching.

Worn out by the incessant labors of his long and honored years, never surely went home to his reward a more faithful soldier of the Cross than John Henry Newman. J. M. C.

ANOTHER FAMINE IN IRELAND

The papers ring with it, every day fresh cablegrams appear announcing the wider and wider spread of the domain of Hunger. True, no one is dying of it at present, but in a month or two, when autumn with its wet and cold will call for more plentiful nourishment than does the less rigorous summer, then we may look for heart-rending things. All the sickening details of rags, wet cabins, famishing children, typhus, overcrowded hospitals and poor-houses, etc., will be recited *ad nauseam*, and they will go on and on unless the much enduring Irish people in America will send enough money to "tide over" the months before the next harvest, thereby, be it said, giving the recipients of their charity another big push down the gulf of degradation into which they are yearly falling. Alms taking and beggary are, it is admitted, evils, even on the most limited scale, but when it comes to a nation of mendicants, then may God help us! And why should this disgraceful—unspeakably disgraceful—state of things exist? Why should any people, with the lesson taught them by '47, still place themselves, year after year, at the mercy of the accursed root which made them a horrible and revolting spectacle to the rest of the world in that frightful year? What fatal leaning have they for an article of diet which, as eaten by large numbers of the people, without any addition of animal food, ought long ago to have been relegated to their cattle? The flippantly expressed remark of Lady Morgan, to the effect that Pat would never fight for or win his freedom till he insisted, like Hodge, on having bacon with his potatoes, has more truth in it than Irish people seem to have imagined.

The fact is the potato has been one of the great curses of Ireland. From the very date of its introduction and adoption by the people it began its work of destruction. It was a prolific crop, easy of cultivation, and satisfying, when an inordinate quantity of the roots were eaten. Its cheapness raised the price of land out of all proportion, and thus gave rise to the landlord power that with all the costly machinery of Repeal movements, and Fenianism and parliamentary agitations, to combat it, can laugh to day as loudly as ever at the be-deviled Irish people. But, *ohe j'am satis!* Two, three, five years from now, there will be another "blight," and another wild outcry for funds to "tide over" the famine period. One hundred and fifty odd years ago there was a blight also, and they sang doleful songs about it.

There is woe, there is clamor in our desolated land,
And wailing lamentation from a famine-stricken band;
And weeping are the multitudes in sorrow and despair
For the green fields of Munster lying desolate and bare.

Save us, God! in thy mercy, bend to hear the people's cry,
From the famine-stricken fields rising bitterly on high;
Let the mourning and the clamor cease in Lore's ancient land,
And shield us in this sad hour by thy strong protecting hand.

J. M. C.

IN HIS MEMORY.

[*To the Editor.*]

CHAMPION, Mich, Aug. 11.—This morning's paper informs me of the death of John Boyle O'Reilly. His death is a national loss, and how he will be missed by the scattered, sea divided, heart-embittered children of the Gael in every land? Personally, I loved him, as every one did who knew him. Death loves a shining mark, and a star of the first magnitude has fallen to shine no more. Good God! his pulseless heart will throb no more for the land he loved so well, and for whose cause he stood armor plated with truth and power.

His genius was essentially Irish, and reflected and added lustre to what Ireland has contributed to English eloquence and poetry. Beside his open grave I feel only the bitterness and anguish the hand of death wrings from affection, but I deplore his loss in a larger sense for poor old Ireland's sake.

The enclosed stanzas were composed and read when he was the guest of the Irish American Club in 1882. They may be of some interest now, as an evidence of the estimate in which he was held by his fellow countrymen here. Yours faithfully, W. J. DAWSON.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Not as a stranger, in our midst,
We bid the welcome here,
Not hospitality alone,
Dispenses festive cheer.
The cup we lift unto thy lip
We wreathe with friendship's smile,
The eyes that give thee greeting here
Express our love the while.

'Tis thus that e'er the Celtic heart
Enshrines the patriot host;
The felon in his native land,
Is oft our proudest boast.
What tho' the seal of England's hate
Was set upon thy brow!
Columbia, with more kindly hand,
Wreathes laurels 'round it now.

How few and short the fleeting years
Seem now, since prison bars
Shut out the glorious sunlight,
And dimmed the gleaming stars;
When on thy lowly couch of straw
You laid your weary head,
And thro' the silent corridor
Broke harsh the warden's tread!

The convict ship, with sail outspread,
Before the hastening breeze,
The hero bore, in convict garb,
Far off to southern seas;
And Genius, chained to Misery;
Thro' many a weary hour,
Put forth its wing, in proud disdain
Of England's tyrant power.

The Celtic heart, the Celtic hand,
Reached out o'er pathless sea,
And clasped him in a fond embrace
With tenderest sympathy;
And when he stood on Freedom's soil,
Where patriot heroes bled,
Where proudly waved the stars and stripes,
O Reilly nobly said:

"Dear native land! where Sorrow's wing
Makes dark the summer sky,
My life's devotion shall be thine,
Until my latest sigh!"
Then Erin, smiling through, her tears,
Took up the scroll of Fame,
And with a pen of burning light
She wrote—O Reilly's name.

O Celtic bard! whose magic touch
Doth sway the hearts of men,
That land so dearly loved by thee,
Needs now thy voice and pen.
Then falter not in purpose high,
To break Oppression's rod!
Who lifts his brother from the dust,
Doth well the work of God.

American Benevolence.

[*To the Editor.*]

KILKEE, county Clare, July 29, 1890—*Dear Sir:* With your usual courtesy will you kindly allow me space in your widely circulated journal to gratefully acknowledge not only the receipt of the munificent annuity lately granted to me as an humble Irish author by Mr. George W. Childs, Philadelphia Pa., but also his later voluntary arrangement by which the said annuity shall continue during her life to my wife, if she survive me? May this splendid and unsolicited benevolence be remembered by the Irish American people toward Mr. Childs, if it ever be in their power to serve him! Awaiting, as I am from day to day, the long expected grant of the literary pension from the civil list of our home government, for which (in recognition of my life long services in the field of ancient Irish literature, of which my "Irish pedigrees" and "Irish landed gentry when Cromwell came to Ireland," are the modest outcome), I have been powerfully recommended by personages in England, Ireland, Scotland, the United States of America, Canada, Australia, the United States of Brazil, the East Indies, Newfoundland, British West Indies, etc., it is a great consolation to me in my declining years to find that a benevolent American citizen has thus so generously and considerately alleviated the cares and anxieties of myself and my wife in our afflicted old age. May God bless Mr. Childs! With great respect, I am, sir, your obedient servant.

JOHN O'HART.

A WARNING.

[*To the Editor.*]

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 13—*Dear Sir:* The following quotation, printed in *United Ireland* for Aug. 2, and taken from the *Malta* of July 5, will in its way illustrate the reasons why certain Irishmen desire that the language and literature of free and ancient Ireland be prized, preserved, and diffused among the Irish people. In this connection it may be added that *United Ireland*, with the rare inconsistency that points the horns of the Irish bull, would give no countenance to what is as valuable a spiritual possession of the Irish race—its literature—as the land of Ireland is a material possession. A great many Irish politicians, "intoxicated by the exuberance of their own verbosity" in English, think I suppose, that the highest human perfection and happiness is to rant as they rant in the ranting jargon in which they rant. Without the restoration of the Irish language and literature of Ireland there never can be an Irish nation:

"The foreign press, and especially the English press itself, with one voice cries out to us not to trust her, to rise up and struggle energetically against the banishment that England has decreed against the Italian language in our island: and one of the London journals cites on this point the words of a great Irishman, Thomas Davis, to prove what a far reaching and terrible menace for the future this attempt of the English government against our language would prepare for us: 'A nation that allows itself to be despoiled of its language, by so doing digs its own grave.'

"Every Maltese ought to engrave deeply in his mind and heart this terrible sentence. It alone is enough to confirm him in the determination to resist energetically every usurpation, inspiring him with the courage to do so.

"It is a grand sentence, of which the history of all tyrannies, past and present, proves and confirms the truth.

"No foreign and despotic government ever succeeds in completely reducing to slavery a subject people until it has imposed upon them its own language.

"Now, such imposition can never be achieved if the subject people strenuously resist and oppose it. Upon the people themselves depends whether they shall be slaves or freemen, whether they shall preserve their own existence as a nation or suicidally dig their own graves.

"If they keep this well in mind the Maltese never will be slaves."

It may be also in place to mention, that the old Irish speaking folk in my native place had a tradition, that it was the disuse of the Irish language, and the consequent falling off of the people from their old prayerful habits that caused the blight to come on the potatoes. About a mile from where I was born was the once famous Holy Well and "Station" of Crumher Fhraoch, the nephew of St. Caillin of Fenagh, and the patron of Cloone or Cluas Fhraoch, county Leitrim. Forty years ago it was frequented by pious pilgrims, especially on the Patron's day, Dec. 20. Now not a dozen people in the parish know where it is, or anything about it. The name "Cruhir Ree," as they call it, may still linger among the old people, but even they, speaking and knowing only English, know nothing and care nothing about such ancient saints or holy wells or local patrons. Bercan, the prophet, is said to have said:

Biaid abb ar mu cillsea de,
Ni tiefa don ermeirge,
Can pater is can creeds,
Gan Goedlig, acht Gaill beria.

This was supposed by the elders to be said of the Danes, part of it is true in our days of those that call themselves Irish. It might be well to ask Messrs. O'Brien and Dillon about these matters when they come over. It is said that Mr. O'Brien despises the Irish language, and all appertaining thereto, and almost idolizes the British constitution—and Mr. O Brien for the most part makes whatever public opinion there is in Ireland. He is reported to have said on one occasion, that no man's education is finished till he has seen America. It is to be hoped that his own ignorance of the value, dignity, and importance of the language and literature of his native land will be brushed off him on his next visit here. The object of Mr O'Brien's visit will be chiefly money, and then to teach and learn—let him have the money by all means. No holier cause or nobler advocate of a cause than the cause of Ireland and the illustrious Irishman mentioned, but let it be understood there is no use any longer trying to row the old boat with one oar. The land for the people is a great deal, but this alone even when realized will not make an Irish nation. To live under equal laws with the English and to be such as they, was not the aim of the best Irishmen in the past. What we here desire for the Irish in Ireland is not only the possession of their own land, and the making of their own laws at home, but a distinct, peculiarly Irish national life—with a national language, tradition and literature. With this and the rest the Irish can be a nation, without it they will be for ever a despised and despicable province.

JAMES KEEGAN.

OBITUARY.

MRS. ANN O'BRIEN.

Mrs. Ann O'Brien, an exemplary Irish and Catholic lady of this city, died at her residence, No. 496 West Twelfth street, on the 16 h inst., and was interred in the family lot, Calvary cemetery, on Aug 18. Mrs. O'Brien was born in Ireland in 1814, and resided in her native country until 1880. She was a most devout Catholic, and her fatal illness resulted from a fall received while entering the Holy Family church, West Twelfth street, on July 26 All of her children, Messrs. Dennis and Stephen O'Brien, Mrs. Moran, of Ontario, Mrs. Ryan and Mrs. Chambers, of Chicago, were present at the funeral, which was very largely attended by friends and neighbors. Mr. Stephen O'Brien, son of the deceased lady, is a well known business man, an ardent Irish Nationalist, and a prominent member of the Irish-American club.

GAELIC ATHLETICS IN IRELAND.

The Kilkenny Commercial football team and the Bennettsbridge hurling team traveled to Waterford on the 3d inst., the former to meet the Blue and Whites, and the latter the Castlebridge hurlers. Owing to a recent dispute arising out of the football match played between the Commercials and the Ballyhale men, and which match the latter claim, a dispute arose on the grounds, the Ballyhale men putting in an appearance, accompanied by a large body of sympathizers from the district. The appearance of the rival football teams from Kilkenny caused some disputes, the Ballyhale men averring that so long as they were on the ground the Commercials should not kick the Blue and Whites for the championship. The Commercials not desiring to be made the objects for raising a faction fight, left the field.

Castlebridge vs. Bennettsbridge (Hurling)—The moment the ball was thrown in Bennettsbridge got possession, and carried it quickly through their opponents' territory, sending it over the end line. Six minutes after commencement the Castlebridge men drew first blood by scoring a point, to which they added another about six minutes later. And hurling in most determined style, scored a fine goal five minutes before change of sides. For the first fifteen minutes of the second half the Wexford men maintained the upper hand, adding a third point to their score. Then the Kilkenny men made a grand run on the wing, and scored their first point, and immediately afterward they were awarded another point, after an amount of confusion and disputing. This ended the scoring for the day, Castlebridge being declared the winners by a goal and three points to two points. The defense of Bennettsbridge all through could not be excelled.

Blue and Whites vs. Ballyhale—Wexford, playing against the wind, commenced the play, and quickly scored a point. A few minutes afterwards Ballyhale equalized matters. From this to half time no score was made, though Ballyhale had the best of the play. Wexford scored a second point twelve minutes after change of sides, and had the best of the play for the following ten minutes, but Ballyhale defended so well that the former could not score. Result, Blue and Whites two points, Ballyhale two points.

On Aug 3, in beautiful weather, the final of the Kildare football championships was decided at Milltown, the teams being Clane and Monasterevan. The game ended in favor of the latter by one goal and three points to a goal and two points. Monasterevan now occupies the unique position of representing the county for both championships, having defeated Moorefield in the final of the hurling by two goals and five points to nil.

The inter county champion matches, Kerry vs. Limerick were played at Tralee, in the splendid grounds of the County Kerry Athletic and Cricket Club. Kerry was represented in the hurling match by the Kilmoily (Robert Emmets) and in the football by Killorglin (Leune Rangers), while the South Liberties (hurling) and St. Patrick's (football) Limerick city clubs represented Limerick. The first match played was Kilmoily vs. South Liberties (hurling.) Kilmoily won the toss and for a short time kept the ball in the Limerick men's territory and scored a point. During the second half hour's play it became evident that the Kilmoily men were more than a match for their opponents, and although the Limerick men made some splendid efforts to try and score, at the close of the game the score stood: Kilmoily, one goal and six points; Limerick, nil. Mr. J Sheehy acted as field umpire of Limerick; Mr. M. Moynihan for Kilmoily.

In the football match—Laune Rangers vs. St. Patrick's—the latter won the toss, and play for a short time was of a most even character. All the play of the fine ishing quarter of an hour was in the Rangers' territory, but luck seemed to be against the Limerick men, as the ball was several times within a few feet of the Killorglin men's goal, but on call of time no score was secured by them, while their opponents had secured three. The last half-hour's play was of a most one-sided character, the Limerick men scarcely making any defense, and at call of time Killorglin had secured six points more and a goal which was disallowed, thus leaving them nine points to nil.

A very exciting, well contested handball match for £5 a side, first five games out of nine, 21 aces, was played at Fermoy between Messrs. Richard Sweeny and Charles Spillane vs. Thomas Brien and Joseph O'Leary. The latter two proved the victors.

A return handball match between Ballylanders and Kilfinane was played at Ballintubber, which is situated about midway between both places, Kilfinane winning two games out of three. The matches were witnessed by a large and enthusiastic crowd.

A tournament was held in Newbridge, county Galway, on the 27 h ult., and was attended by teams from Kilkerrin, Mountbellew, Castleblakeney and the home team. Play commenced between the Newbridge and Castleblakeney teams The result: For Castleblakeney, two points; for Newbridge, one point. The Mountbellew and Kilkerrin teams then took the field. The score was for Mount bellew four points, Kilkerrin one point.

Football in Chicago.

It is most encouraging to all lovers of Gaelic sports the zest with which the young Irish athletes of Chicago have taken to one of the great national games. The football match between the Davitt (South side) and the Columbia (North side) football clubs drew over 2 000 interested spectators to the Wanderers' grounds, Thirty-seventh and Indiana avenue on Sunday last. The Davitts have been victorious in every match up to the present, but the Columbias played remarkably well, considering that it was their first appearance in public. Following are the details: Promptly at 3 o'clock the men walked down the field headed by their captains, J. W. Wolfe of the Davitts, and T. Sullivan of the Columbias. The Columbias had the south end of the field, with the wind against them. After about ten minutes' hard play the ball was forced in dangerous proximity to the Columbias' goal post, and of a sudden the ball was seen to fly through the air and through the side-posts, which gave the Davitts one point. The ball was then brought into play, and the Columbias played a grand game against their experienced competitors, keeping the ball well in the center of the field until the call of time. Play was called for the last half the game with the Davitts fighting against the wind. In five minutes from the call of time the Davitts had scored another point, which was within an ace of being a goal, the ball striking the post and going over instead of under the horizontal bar. The Columbias then determined on making a a grand attempt to score against their opponents, and in the mad struggle that ensued McShane, one of the Davitts beat rushers, had his shoulder sprained and retired from the contest. Nothing daunted by the loss of a man, the Davitts fought back with a will, and just before time was called tallied a third point, which made the score: Michael Davitts, 3; Columbias, 0 Referee, William H. Martin, I. F C. Judges, F. Noonan, R W. Wolfe. The Emmets meet the Innisfails on Sunday afternoon, Aug. 31, on the Wanderers' grounds.

In the exhibition of throwing the weights, D. McCarthy threw the twenty-three-pound weight 37 feet 1 inch, while P. Foley made a great cast with the fifty-six-pound weight. His throw was 28 feet 10 inches, while he won the sixteen-pound hammer contest with 86 feet 5 inches to the good. J. Brady was second, with 85 feet 9 inches.

Meeting of the Hibernians.

About 800 members of the A. O. H. of Chicago assembled on last Sunday at Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted streets, to listen to an address on the "principles of the order," delivered by their esteemed and brilliant national delegate, M. F. Wilhere, of Philadelphia. Mentally and physically Mr. Wilhere is a noble specimen of his race. Tall, manly and prepossessing in appearance, an able and accomplished orator, full of the fire and genius so characteristic of his countrymen; a faithful and devout Christian, and a true and inflexible patriot in the cause of human liberty.

The meeting was presided over by P B. Flanagan, county delegate, who briefly stated that the object of the gathering was to show their brother members throughout America that the Hibernians of Chicago were proud of their national delegate, whose fidelity and devotion to the ennobling principles of the A. O. H. could not be lessened by slander, vituperation and misrepresentation. After an eloquent and masterly speech by Lawrence Hensly, State delegate of Illinois, Mr. Wilhere advanced to the platform amid deafening cheers, which were again and again renewed. After silence was restored he began his magnificent oration by deploring the lack of harmony and unity among the Irishmen of Chicago, and warned them not to heed the pernicious doctrine so fatal to the unification of their race and people, now frequently preached by renegade Irishmen employed by certain newspapers in our city for the purpose of fostering discord and disunion. "Pat Grant, railroad laborer," now of the *Inter Ocean* staff, was soundly scored for his recent lying articles relative to Mr. Wilhere and the A. O. H. He read a letter from a distinguished Catholic priest, who recently returned to Ireland after a visit to the United States, which contained the opinions of Mr. William O'Brien, Mr. Davitt and other eminent Irish leaders, as to the unsavory political character of "Pat Grant, railroad laborer," whose name, by the way, was Thomas Grant Burke when living in Ireland. Fearing, lest any person doubt the genuineness of the letter in question it was submitted to the scrutinizing gaze of a reporter for the *Inter Ocean* who was present

Mr. Wilhere's glowing account of the prosperity and numerical strength of the order in his native city was most encouraging and gratifying. They had, he said, forty divisions of the A. O. H. in Philadelphia, comprising a membership of over 7 000 members, recruited from the best and noblest of their race.

His reference to the lamented and untimely death of that illustrious citizen, that noble patriot, that gifted and inspired poet, John Boyle O'Reilly, greatly affected the entire audience.

In conclusion, he urged upon his countrymen the necessity of organization, and hoped they would rally round the immortal flag upon which was inscribed the sublime motto of the A. O M., viz: Friendship, unity and true Christian charity.

After the meeting the entire audience were ecstatic with joy, at what they justly claimed to be the noblest speech they had ever heard; and with pride and gratification they shook Mr. Wilhere by the hand, and with prayers and best wishes for his future welfare, they returned to their homes, more determined than ever to be true and faithful to their grand old organization—the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

The Harris Family Fund.

[*To the Editor.*]

HOUSE OF COMMONS, LONDON, Aug. 4—*Dear Sir:* I beg to acknowledge receipt of your favor of July 24, covering draft for five pounds one shilling (£5 1 0) the kind contribution of Father Edmund Hayes, Imogene, Fremont county, Iowa, to this fund. I acknowledge receipt to him also. Very truly yours,

JAS F. X. O'BRIEN, Sec'y.

Three Harvest Excursions.

The Burlington Route, C., B & R R., will sell, on Tuesdays, Sept. 9 and 23, and Oct. 14. Harvest Excursion Tickets at *Half Rates* to points in the Farming Regions of the West, Southwest and Northwest. Limit thirty days. For circular giving details concerning tickets, rates, time of trains, etc., and for descriptive land folder, call on your ticket agent, or address P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

IRISH NEWS.

Interesting Items of General and Personal News from all Parts of Ireland.

MUNSTER.

TO SUIT JOHN BULL'S TASTE

A large and influential meeting was held in the Courthouse, Mitchelstown, presided over by the Very Rev. Dean O'Regan, to take steps to protect and improve Mitchelstown Butter Market, which up to the present season was one of the leading country markets in Munster, but owing to local causes it has been lately on the decline. On motion of Rev. Father Sexton, C.C., a number of gentlemen, including Very Rev. Dean O'Regan, Rev. T. Morrison, Rev. C O'Connor, Messrs. D. J. O'Leary, William J. O Brien, J. P.; Thomas Carroll, J. P; David McCann, Edward O'Brien, J. P.; Thomas Roche, Richard Couche, Edward Murray, James Murphy, Patrick Fitzgerald, and Philip Gaymond were appointed to establish a local limited liability company to purchase fresh butter for the English market, and to educate the farmers as to the manner of manufacturing the butter suitable to the English taste.

ANOTHER SURRENDER IN TIPPERARY.

At the fortnightly meeting of the Tipperary Branch of the I. N. L. the vigilance of the police spies had again to succumb to the strategy of the people. The Rev. David Humphreys presided. The Rev. chairman, in the course of his speech, said: I have to announce to you another victory gained by our peaceful and constitutional agitation. Mr. Thomas Cross, of Garnscantee, has surrendered to the great high court of public opinion in Tipperary. He has pledged himself to surrender his farm to Mr. Smith Barry on Nov. 1, and to clear out of his house and farm before Aug. 15 We accept the terms of his surrender, and do for him what neither Caddell, nor Cameron, nor Shannon, nor Balfour is able to do for him—restore him to public favor.

EXPRESSION OF CONFIDENCE.

At the weekly meeting of the Sarsfield Limerick Branch of the I. N L, a resolution was passed offering Mr John Dillon, M P., an expression of confidence and respect in view of the charges made against him by Bishop O'Dwyer. Mr. Creagh protested against a statement made at the meeting concerning the bishop, and left the room before the resolution was passed.

FORGED A CHECK.

Mrs. Gertrude Cagney, Castletownroache, who pleaded guilty to forging a check in the name of W. Guest Lane, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, with hard labor.

A NEW CATHOLIC CHAPEL.

A new Catholic chapel has been erected by the Cashel Guardians, in connection with the workhouse, at a cost of £400.

A NUDE PRISONER.

A difficulty, attended by some ludicrous circumstances, was brought before the Waterford magistrates by Acting Sergt. Casserly, whose case against Joseph Dalton had just been called. There being no appearance of the prisoner Mr. J. N. White inquired the cause of the absence.

Sergt. Casserly—He is not here your worships; he is in the lock up. During the night he tore all his clothes to shreds, and he is now naked in the cell. Not only did he tear off every stitch of clothes that he had on him, but he also tore the rug that he got to cover him.

Mr. Slattery—And can you not accommodate him with a suit?

Sergt. Connelly—No, we have none.

Sergt. Casserly—This is only a trick on the part of this man to delay punishment that he knows he deserves. He cannot be brought out in his present state; he is perfectly nude. The only thing that can be done is to wait and see if he can get any clothes, and summon him for the offense he committed.

Mr. Slattery—Send for Mr. Hanrahan and see if he can get us out of the difficulty.

Mr Hanrahan was sent for and attended.

Mr. Slattery—We have a prisoner in the lock up and he has torn all his clothes off. He is in a nude state just now, and we want to know how we are to deal with him. Can you suggest anything, Mr. Hanrahan?

Mr. Hanrahan—No.

A consultation was then held between the magistrates and police as to the best way out of the difficulty, and ultimately it was arranged that the prisoner should be detained until nightfall and then discharged to be summoned, his equipment in lieu of the clothes he wore being a large sack.

PLANK BED FOR A LANDLORD.

At the Cork assizes, Capt. Townson Rye, D.L., was tried for firing at and wounding a laborer and tenant on his estate named Jeremiah Corcoran. The defense was that Corcoran was poaching. The accused was convicted of common assault, and sentenced to two months' imprisonment with hard labor.

PATRON DAY OF ARDMORE.

July 27 was "Patron" day of Ardmore. A large number of people proceeded there from Dungarvan and other towns. Its old Round Tower is in perfect repair. The stone supposed to have floated from Rome, carrying St. Declan's bed, is still on the strand, and the burial place of St. Declan is well cared for.

TO BE TURNED OUT.

A Newcastle West correspondent writes that at the petty sessions eviction decrees were granted in the cases of the following tenants on the Glensharrold estate: Thos. Hanley, Michael Cusack, Thos. Collins, John Murphy, Patrick Connell, and John Connell.

LABORERS' COTTAGES.

From the inception of the Laborers' acts up to the present year ninety-eight unions applied for cottages, the total number of habitations so desired being 22 210 Limerick has made the largest demand, viz., 1 334; Kilmallock comes next with 1 154, and Tipperary, 1 096 Out of the 22 210 applications 10 637 have been authorized. Ninety-four unions have had a proportion of their wants granted, Roscrea, Sligo, Carrickmacross, and Ballyshannon's claims being wiped out. The number authorized in Limerick is 393 out of the demand made; 364 to Kilmallock, and 376 to Tipperary. Leinster has built 2 319 out of 3 703, and of these 2,237 are in occupation at rents ranging from 10d to 2s, the average being about 1s 3d. The total amount of the loans sanctioned for the ninety-four unions is £1,098 772.

TO PULVERIZE THE BISHOP.

Mr. William O Brien and Mr. T. Harrington will speak at Limerick on Aug. 24, when, it is understood, Mr. Dillon will further reply to the recent letters of Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick.

LEINSTER.

A DENIAL.

Messrs. O'Brien, Dillon, and Sexton have issued a statement in the name of the Irish Parliamentary party denying that there is any foundation for the allegations of the New York *Times* that the party contemplates repudiation of Mr. Parnell's leadership.

HAD TO SLINK OFF.

In the house of commons Mr. E. Harrington, apropos of the ordering away of the Guards, asked whether the Duke of Cambridge went aboard himself when there was fighting to be done. To this query Mr. Stanhope refrained from replying, for the very sufficient reason that there was no reply possible except an admission of the accuracy of Mr. Harrington's statement. Later in the evening Mr. Harrington received the cards of two officers—one a colonel and the other a captain. Mr. Harrington went out to them, and found that they had come down to ask him for his authority for the assertion implied in his question. Mr. Harrington went out to them, and found that they had come down to ask him for his authority for the assertion implied in his question. Mr. Harrington of course declined to give his authority, but said that if it could be shown that what he said was incorrect he would be happy to withdraw it. Of course these two presumably self-constituted champions of the commander-in-chief were unable to controvert the statement, and had to go away without the apology which they evidently expected.

DEATH IN THE PRESENTATION CONVENT, ENNISCORTHY.

We regret to announce the death of Miss Jane Teresa Moore (daughter of the late Louis and Sarah Moore, Newtownbarry), in religion Mrs. Aloysius Gonzaga, which took place in the Presentation convent, Enniscorthy. The deceased was one of the oldest nuns in the convent, her death occurring in the 64th year of her age and 42d of her religious profession.

TALL IRISHMEN.

The tallest man in the British army is Private Finlay, Grenadier Guards, who who stands six feet seven and three-fourth inches. Private Brady of the Scots Guards is six feet seven inches.

SALE OF GLENDALOUGH.

Messrs. Battersby & Co. offered for sale two properties in the county of Wicklow, both of them of especial interest. The first offered for the competition of the public, of whom there was a large attendance, was the beautiful residence of the late Mr. Matthew D'Arcy, D L. Kilcroney is on the borders of Wicklow and Dublin, and is on the borders of Wicklow and Dublin, and is one of the most beautiful of residences in the country. Both the former owner, Dr. Lloyd, the provost of Trinity College, and Mr. D'Arcy, expended very large sums of money on the place. Mr. D'Arcy having spent no less than £50 006 on Kilcroney. Mr. Battersby invited a bid, but there was no response. The property was then withdrawn, Mr. Battersby mentioning that he had received some letters from America in reference to the estate, so that perhaps some exiled Irishman is about to return to the old country and settle down in state at Kilcroney. The Lugnaure and Glendalough estate of the Mining Company of Ireland was then brought to the hammer Perhaps in all the annals of the auctioneer there has never been offered for sale a spot of earth about which so many traditions cluster. Here were the spectators walking out of the bustle of Westmoreland street at noonday, called on to invest in a round tower, the ruins of the Seven Churches, and St Kevin's Bed; and when an irreverent solicitor inquired if "Kathleen was thrown in," the auctioneer replied that "she was," but whether it was a guarantee that the tradition about the churlishness of St Kevin was correct or that the spectre of Glendalough was part and parcel of the property was not explained in the conditions of sale. Not much attention appeared to be paid to the ancient glories of Glendalough by the audience, who apparently forgot all about the upper and the lower lake, or the battlions of the Byrnes and the O'Tools, who have found "snug lying in the abbey," but to the value of the mines and royalties. At a brisk pace the bidding proceeded, and at £3 000 there were only two competitors left in. After a few doubtful seconds Mr. Wynne, of Ballybrophy, was declared the purchaser at £3 450. It is stated that Mr. Wynne intends to work the mines and continue the industry in Avoca and Woodenbridge.

CONNAUGHT.

CASTLEBAR RACES.

The Castlebar races, although the weather was very heavy, proved a great success. The course was managed admirably, and no accident occurred with the exception of one of the riders (Mr. Higgins), getting his leg broken. An effort will be made to have the races in future a little earlier in the year. Following were the stewards: Lieutenant-Col. Blake, Edward Brewster, Esq; Jas Faulkner, Esq; G. Hatchell, Esq., M.D.; H. W. Jordan, Esq, J. P.; W. Dex Jordan, Esq.; M O. M. Knott, Esq, M. D; W. Kelly, Esq.; A. C. Larminie, Esq.; William O'Donnell, Esq.; T F Rutledge, Esq; E Thomas O'Donnell, Esq.; Patrick Tuohy, Esq. Judge, stakeholder, clerk of the course and scales, T. Brindley, Esq.; Starter, Mr. J. D Gibbs; treasurer, National bank; Hon. secretary, Henry C. Larminie, Esq.

PRESENTATION.

The friends of P. W. MacNulty, clerk of Ballina union, have availed of the occasion of his marriage with Miss Tuohy of Ballintubber, to make him a handsome presentation. The presentation consists of a polished marble clock, with side ornaments to match containing statues in bronze.

TESTIMONIAL.

A meeting of the committee of the Father Walsh Testimonial was held in Hayden's Hotel, Ballinasloe, Dr. De La Hunt in the chair. There was a large attendance, and from the spontaneous manner in which the testimonial was taken up it promises to assume large proportions. The intention of the promoters is to present Father Walsh with a horse, car, harness and whip.

BELMULLET GUARDIANS.

The guardians of the Belmullet Union have adopted a resolution of remonstrance in reference to the recent statement of the Financial Secretary of the Treasury, in which it was indicated that Belmullet was not to partake of the benefits of the Light Railway Act of 1889 An appeal is made to the government not to exclude Belmullet, in consideration of the advantages that would accrue from the provision of facilities for the conveyance of fish to outer markets.

HURDLE RACES.

The committee of the Ballyhaunis Hurdle Races intended to hold their meeting this year on the 18th of August, but owing to the Claremorris fair being held on that day they have decided to postpone the meeting to the 21st of August.

PASSED EXAMINATION.

Mr. Martin T. Moran, a student of the Queen's College, Belfast, and son of Mr. James Moran, T.C., Westport, has obtained an upper pass in his first medical examination, and, in addition, passed very creditably his second arts, the latter being a sufficiently stiff year's work for students of ordinary mental calibre.

MEADOW SALE.

On Aug. 7th the agent of the Messrs. St. George met a large number of farmers in Ballinasloe and set the greater part of the meadows on the property at high prices. Messrs. Elder and Conry, auctioneers, Ballinasloe have sold meadows during the week at prices ranging from £6 to £7 10s an acre.

ULSTER.

"THE PLAN" IN GWEEDORE.

On July 28 Mr. Harpur C. Wilson surrendered to the combination of his Gweedore tenants on the terms submitted by their representative, Father McFadden. The agent of the estate, Mr. Swiney, of Moyagh, Ramelton, traveled thirty miles to Gweedore to meet Father McFadden and accept the reverend gentleman's conditions of settlement. This is the second great victory in Gweedore for the "combination that has never yet failed."

APPOINTMENTS.

Professor John R. Leebody, Magee college, Derry, and Mr. James Slattery, president of the Queen's college, Cork, have been appointed by royal warrant to the vacant senatorships of the Royal University of Ireland.

DEATH OF MR. R. M'CALMONT, BELFAST.

Mr. Robert McCalmont, who at the last general election contested East Belfast as a National candidate, died July 31 somewhat suddenly at Larne. Mr. McCalmont was for a long time connected with the Masonic order, and during many years held the position of grand treasurer of the county Antrim grand Masonic lodge. Mr. McCalmont carried on business in Ann street and Ballymacarrett. He was much respected bo all parties and creeds in Belfast.

DEATH OF SIR RICHARD WALLACE.

The death of Sir Richard Wallace is announced. He was a Northern Tory of immense wealth.

BRUTAL ATTACK.

A fierce attack was made on Aug. 6th by the Orange workmen on Queen's Island, Belfast, on a party of 600 excursionists of St. Joseph's Sacred Heart Society, who left Belfast by the Victoria Station for Cushendall. The party was composed mainly of women and children, and great terror was caused by a fusilade of iron bolts being sent in their midst by, it is supposed, a hand sling as the steamer carrying the excursionists passed. Many were struck and several wounded, one boy severely. An indignant meeting was held on board the steamer, and a petition was drawn up to be presented to the Lord Lieutenant calling for the establishment of a police barrack at Queen's Island. Resolutions were also passed calling for police protection on the return trip Nothing more scandalous than this wanton attack has occurred in Belfast since the riots of 1886.

SLANDER SUIT.

Mr. W. Redmond, M.P., has begun proceedings for slander against Mr. Archdale, J P., of Fermanagh, for imputing to him in a speech, perjury in connection with the Parnell Commission.

DROWNED.

A melancholy drowning accident occurred in the Foyle, at Greenbrae, near Lifford. The name of the unfortunate man was Edward Gallagher, who was spending a few days with friends in the neighborhood. He was a native of Strabane.

To the Deaf.

A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 177 MacDougal street, New York.

Notice.

The Wisconsin Central lines are now selling special Ten Ride Club Tickets between Chicago and Fox Lake, embodying railroad, omnibus and steamer coupons for Ten Dollars ($10). City Office No. 205 Clark street. Depot, corner Harrison street and Fifth avenue.

Some people are constantly troubled with boils—no sooner does one heal than another makes its appearance. A thorough course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the best of blood purifiers, effectually puts an end to this annoyance. We recommend a trial.

A GRAND COMBINATION.

Fast Time, Perfect Comfort, Absolute Safety.

These are the inducements offered the traveling public by the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, one of the youngest and beyond dispute one of the best railways upon the continent. Its Vestibuled Compartment Sleeping Cars, run on through trains, are marvels of elegance, and add to beauty and luxury perfect ventilation, making them the most desirable at all seasons of the year. The Dining Car service is fully up to the best standard, and the entire equipment of the trains of this road is new. W. R Busenbark, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

If you want to send money to your family in Ireland you should check it at the White Star Line office, 54 South Clark street. The place is considered the best and cheapest in the West. There is no discount on their checks.

ATTENTION VETERANS!

The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, will be ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him on and after Monday, Sept. 1, 1890. No fee charged if claim is not allowed.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
79 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill.

SATURDAY, AUG. 23, 1890,

Has been selected as the day on which to hold the

Inaugural Sale of Lots

In the third addition to

"MAGNETIC" GROSSDALE.

It will undoubtedly be ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT DAYS in the eventful history of THIS BEAUTIFUL SUBURBAN CITY.

GRAND FREE EXCURSION
GRAND FREE EXCURSION

will leave the C., B. & Q. depot, corner of Canal and Adams-sts.,

PROMPTLY AT 2 O'CLOCK.

Free tickets can be obtained at depot gate 10 minutes before train time or at my main office.

The new addition contains 700 fine residence lots located south of and adjoining the depot and railroad.

PRICES $100. $125, $150, $175.

$25 to $50 cash, balance monthly payments of $5 and upward.

Grossdale is beautifully situated upon a high plateau of prairie land, bordered on the east by a heavy growth of virgin timber, through which flows a picturesque stream of clear, pure water, and to which the entire property gently slopes affording almost perfect drainage. To the north and west, but a short distance away and extending almost entirely around the property, is to be seen heavy timber, making a view pleasant and resting to the eye, mind, and body

To the south, adjoining the railroad tracks, I have laid out a series of beautiful flower gardens, in which have been planted over 7,000 flowers, shrubs, and trees, whose blossoms perfume the pure, healthful air.

A fine depot building has been erected at a cost of $5,000. Also a commodious theatre and hall building; cost $10,000. Stores are being built, many fine houses have been built, and contracts for many more have been let. The main street of the city has been macadamized, sewered, and lighted by street lamps for its entire length. Sidewalks and crossings have been laid on all streets, shade trees have been planted in front of all lots, streets have been graded; all improvements possible to make have already been made

IT'S A POSITIVE TRUTH

Grossdale is a much more beautiful place than you think.

TO SEE IT IS TO APPRECIATE IT.

You will be taken free at any time during the week from my main office, or you can attend

GRAND FREE EXCURSION
SATURDAY, AUG. 23, AT 2 P. M.

Trains leave C., B. & Q. depot, corner of Canal and Adams-sts., where free tickets can be had in any quantity 10 minutes before train time.

S. E. GROSS,

The World's Greatest Real-Estate Promoter,

S. E Cor. Dearborn & Randolph

THE BOOK OF THE DAY!

Extracts From Leading American Newspapers in Regard to "Warpath and Bivouac," by John F. Finerty.

East, West, North and South Unite in Praise of the Stirring and Martial Story of the Indian Wars.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. It's arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

A HISTORICAL REVIEW.

[*Magazine of Western History, New York.*]

This contribution to the history of the long struggle between the white man and the red man, upon that ever-narrowing strip between the civilization of the Atlantic coast and that of the Pacific coast gives the story of one of the most exciting and important of the campaigns in that not yet ended war. It is an account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879 as told by a trained man of letters who was upon the ground, and who had the amplest facilities for gaining the information here set down.

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures." It is no slight praise, and yet no undeserved praise, to mention Mr. Finerty's book beside those fascinating volumes. * * * It has the advantage of being written at first instead of at second hand, with the touch of nature only to be found in such narratives."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The Americans occupied a pretty strong post with a wood behind it through which, after a great deal of firing, they had to retreat. They felt that if wounded suicide was better than falling alive into the hands of the enemy. Led by Gruard, they crept off unobserved amused by the thought of the Indians' disappointment when they came for the scalps of the party which had vanished. They had a most difficult country to retreat through, scaling a gigantic mountain wall diagonally. From its crest they saw the camp of the main body twenty miles away, and half starved and almost dead with thirst made their road down. They saw a number of Sioux below, but were not observed, and after crossing a deep river at last reached camp. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull. He may be said to have been the last of the great war chiefs able to oppose for a season by craft and courage the march of the white man; for although there have been and will be, desultory fighting towards the Mexican frontier, these Apache raids do not attain the dignity of Indian warfare. The episode of the last Sioux war had touches of romantic and dramatic interest to its close."

FULL OF FIRE AND ENTHUSIASM.

[*Irish World.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac. The work, which has just been given to the public under the above title, is ably written, and its descriptions are full of the fire and enthusiasm of Mr. Finerty, who is himself of martial mold and evidently delighted in the dangers and deeds of bravery in which he himself acted a conspicuous and honorable part, and the story of which he tells with the familiar knowledge of personal observation."

USEFUL AND FASCINATING.

[*St. Louis Republic.*]

"The writer, who is a newspaper veteran of the first rank, has avoided a sensational style, and tells his story in a straightforward, manly fashion, like one who has seen the dangers recited face to face, and been thereby impressed with the stern reality of such hard experiences. Yet the anecdotes and reminiscences of camp life interwoven into the narrative brighten it up, and the whole makes a work that is at once useful as history and fascinating as a narration of the most stirring adventures that it is in the lot of any man to go through."

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

AN EX CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861 5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

CAPT BOURKE'S CRITICISM.

[*Journal U. S. Cavalry Association.*]

Finerty's book comes closer to supplying the needed link in the chain of our frontier military history than any other with which I am acquainted; it is to all intents and purposes a reproduction of the vivid and graphic letters which stamped him as one of the most observant critics who followed our expeditions in the Big Horn and Yellowstone country in 1876-77-78 and 1879.

The life of our soldiers, their hardships, privations and dangers are photographed with fidelity and in proper focus; the privations and dangers are given as a matter of course, are not magnified and are allowed to speak for themselves.

* * * * * *

Finerty criticized military movements freely and, in the main, in an able and judicious manner; he certainly tried to be fair and impartial and got his facts on the skirmish line, so that no one could complain of his inferences, no matter what they might be.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West An excellent map shows the theatre of the war."

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Reno battle, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

TERMS:

"Warpath and Bivouac" comprises two parts in one octavo volume of over 460 pages, with Map and Illustrations in two styles of binding. Half Morocco, Gilt Edges, at $3 50 per volume; and Extra Fine, Silk Finished Cloth, with Marble Edges, at $2 per volume. All subscriptions and orders should be sent to JOHN F. FINERTY 79 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, and to him all checks, money orders, etc., should be made payable.

JUDGE NOT.

Judge not: the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight
May be a token that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face!

The fall thou darest to despise,
May be the angel's slackened hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost, but wait and see,
With hopeful pity, not disdain;
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height of pain
And love and glory that may raise
This soul to God in after days!
—Every Other Saturday.

AN EXPERIMENT.

After I had received a diploma from one of the oldest American universities, I felt that I could not do better than to complete my education abroad. As I wished to perfect my already excellent knowledge of modern languages, I thought that a residence in some continental town would enable me to accomplish both purposes.

Whether I chose the university of Gottingen or Heidelberg I do not care to state; and if the ingenious reader can learn from internal evidence that I pursued my studies at neither of these great institutions of learning let him not be surprised. I prefer not to indicate precisely the scene of the strange happening about which I am going to tell, for reasons which will be readily understood by any one who attentively peruses this story.

Let it be enough, then, to say that I entered a foreign university, was properly matriculated, joined one of the numerous student clubs, learned to comply with its foolish customs, and became thoroughly identified with the students.

We were instructed principally by lectures. Some of us took notes, some drew caricatures or scrawled verses upon the otherwise blank pages of our books, and only a very few became thoroughly imbued with the enthusiasm for learning which animated many of the learned men who expounded to us the accumulated wisdom of the ages and propounded novel theories of their own.

While I was not equally interested in all of the lecturers, there were one or two of them who deeply impressed me—none more deeply than Herr Schwartz. He was a short, thick set man, with tightly curling black hair and beard. His nationality I am not certain about, but I think he was a German or Austrian. He lectured upon "Comparative Anatomy and Physiology," and was an advanced and uncompromising evolutionist. By advanced I do not mean an evolutionist of these latter days—one of the men of science who admit away or explain so much that they state nothing definitely—but one of the old and imperfect disciples of Darwin. Herr Schwartz had not the slightest doubt of man's descent from the monkey or from some allied form. So much I soon learned from his lectures; and when my close attention in the lecture room had drawn his attention to me and we became better acquainted I found his views to be even more downright and avowed than I supposed.

Outside of his lecture hours Herr Schwartz was believed to spend the greater part of his time in his laboratory—a large and mysterious building situated upon the outskirts of the town. Much curiosity existed among the students as to the nature of the researches he carried on in this gloomy building, but never, so far as we knew, had any student been admitted within its windowless walls.

Great, then, was my surprise one morning when the learned lecturer was taking a long walk with me—a thing that he had done once or twice since he discovered my intense interest in his bold theories—to receive an invitation to come with him to inspect his laboratory. My astonishment must have been evident in my expression, for he said:

"Come! is it so strange that I should ask a student to my laboratory?"

"Indeed, no," I answered, with some hesitation; "but I imagined"——

"Yes," he interrupted, "you thought because I had never thrown open my working room to the general rabble of students that there was some mystery about it—something I wished to conceal. Ah, no. You are different; you have a truly scientific mind. To the ordinary intellect what I am doing would seem but nonsense. Incapable of comprehending me, they would see in my experiments but the vagaries of a lunatic. But once I have shown you the plan, the reason, the theory upon which I work, you will see the logical basis for each wheel and each cog in the whole apparatus."

"I am proud, indeed, Herr Schwartz," I began, but he did not wait for the end of my sentence.

"There is no reason for pride," he said, waving his hand disdainfully. "You cannot help it. You are from the United States. You judge all things without prejudice and upon their merits. It is the result of your environment, nothing more. Will you come?"

"Most willingly," I answered. "When shall my visit be made?"

"Today," he said promptly.

"But it is your lecture day," I said, looking at my watch; "and in fact you will have no more time than is necessary even if you should go now to the lecture room."

"Bah!" he answered, with a curl of the lip. "What care I for the gaping faces of those boobies now? It is true I have spent two years in pelting their dough faces with crumbs of science which not one of them can receive. But now all that is past. My apparatus is at last ready. Today it will be put in operation."

"Will it not be better, then, for me to postpone my visit for another time?" I asked, not wishing to inconvenience the experimenter.

"You do not understand," said Herr Schwartz, turning to me with a smile. "I do not ask you to come into the place so long sacred to my deepest musings, my most important researches, merely as a spectator to be amused, nor as a student to be instructed. I need help. For a long time I have been on the lookout among the young men in the university, hoping that when the day of final proof should come I might be able to secure just the right assistant. Well, I have found the man I sought, and you are he. I cannot perform the experiment, for which I have passed years in laborious preparation, without the aid of the right brain and the right hand."

By this time we had arrived at the top of a slight eminence from which the laboratory was distinctly visible. It was a large, square building with a hemispherical roof—not unlike an astronomical observatory. As this strange, windowless structure came into view Herr Schwartz halted, and, turning his back upon it, solemnly addressed himself to me:

"Wait," he said. "It is not yet too late for you to withdraw. You have known me long enough to be sure I am of sound mind, and to know whether you can rely upon my good faith. I assure you that in the experiment I am about to make no harm can come to you. I alone will take all risks and be responsible for all the results. That is but right, since I alone shall reap whatever benefit may spring from the momentous trial. Speak, then, and let me know whether I have rightly concluded that I can rely upon your nationality and your intellect. Are you willing to assist me in this purely scientific experiment?"

"Herr Schwartz," I replied, after a moment's reflection, "only assure me that you will call upon me to do nothing derogatory to my status as an American citizen; a man of science and a—a gentleman, and I will consent gladly to aid you in any way within my power."

"I give you my word as an evolutionist and as a scholar that you can safely assist me upon those conditions," said Herr Schwartz.

"Very well," I answered, "I consent."

"There is no time to be lost, then," he answered.

We set out for the laboratory, and after a few minutes stood before the heavy oak door. It was secured by a combination lock. Herr Schwartz gave the handle a few revolutions, the bolt flew back and we entered the building, and when the door was shut found ourselves in perfect darkness.

In a moment, however, I heard a slight click, and the interior of the laboratory was flooded with the radiance of an enormous incandescent light.

I do not know how I can most clearly convey the impression made upon me by the wondrous sight which was revealed to me. Perhaps the plainest and simplest method is the best. I must trust for the rest to the imagination of my readers. I saw that the enormous hemispherical dome that roofed the edifice had been raised to accommodate a model of the globe—a terrestrial globe. Its dimensions I cannot give, but perhaps it was 100 feet in diameter. The electric light was so placed as to be a representation of the sun. A large parabolic mirror seemed to take the place of our satellite the moon. More distant were other celestial bodies, while tiny lamps were grouped like constellations. In other words, I saw an orrery, but such an orrery as man had never before made.

"Go nearer," said Herr Schwartz, "and examine the machinery. It is purely artificial—I make no pretensions to the black art. But do not interfere with any of the mechanism; it is the result of months of careful adjustment."

I was speechless with admiration, for as I came nearer I saw that I was gazing on a dwarfed world. I said something of the sort when I had recovered from my first stupefaction.

"Yes," said the maker of these marvels, "you have comprehended it. As the Chinese and Japanese dwarf oak trees I have dwarfed a world, or, to speak more accurately, I have reproduced the world in miniature. I have made some wonderful discoveries. I have replaced gravitation by electricity; have made an artificial solar body, have produced artificial temperatures, and, in short, have created a world in miniature; but a world that is, save for some few inferior forms of life, uninhabited. You see upon this tiny (for tiny it is compared to the world whereon we dwell)—upon this tiny world an ocean rolls, continents exist, vegetation flourishes and the seasons pursue their wonted round. The animal life is restricted for a purpose to a few forms—to such as are necessary to sustain life in the human being. The purpose of this great invention—for modesty over such an achievement would be absurd—will soon be revealed to you."

"It is truly almost superhuman," I said. "It seems to move as I look upon it."

"It does," he answered proudly. "It is essentially a new world. But let us not waste time in boyish wonder. All this is not a toy, but a piece of scientific apparatus."

"But what purpose can it serve?" I asked, after a few moments of bewilderment.

"After years of investigation," said Herr Schwartz slowly, "I have learned the history of the development of man. I have slowly unraveled the links of the chain extending from man as he exists today to the mere potential nomad. You, too, have surveyed a part of that wondrous story literally wrung from the heart of the rocks."

"Yes," I said hesitatingly, "but the—'missing link?'"

"I have several skeletons of the 'missing link,'" said Herr Schwartz. "That is the very least of my discoveries. My thoughts for years have not been busy with the past of evolution. My dreams, nay, rather my reasonings, my inventions and my discoveries, have dealt with its future. But enough. The experiment will make all clear to you where words piled upon words would fail to effect a beginning. A few short explanations and we will proceed to deeds, and you will see for yourself whatever now seems obscure. Sit down."

We entered a small side room, from which could be distinguished a slight vibration caused by the revolution of the great globe in the outer room, and settled down into two easy chairs.

"Listen," said Herr Schwartz, "and unless it be necessary do not interrupt me. You have seen the apparatus. It only remains for you to know that I have discovered a method of reducing my own size to such dimensions as fit me to dwell upon the miniature earth you have already examined. This method is simple, effective and entirely harmless. But for the present I shall not reveal it. Suffice it to say that I shall utilize this method, and shall then allow you to place me upon that globe, selecting that part of India which is the cradle of the human race. Previously I shall have taught you to control and operate the mechanism whereby the little world is actuated. Having placed me, then, in the proper spot, you will by gradual degrees increase the speed of the earth's rotation. The effect, as I know from some minor experiments upon inferior animals, will be to greatly—indeed, immeasurably—increase the rapidity with which evolution operates. Meanwhile the tiny being which I have become will devote himself with all his powers to develop all his higher and nobler attributes. The result, as I am sure, will be the production of an unimagined type of man. I will become an individual so highly evolutionized, so supremely developed, that what I am now, compared to an ape, I will be then, compared to my former self!"

"And then"—I began.

"Silence!—for a moment longer," said Herr Schwartz impressively. "I am not done. Then you must stop the revolutions. A bell will strike for a signal. Take, then, the portion of that earth's crust upon which you know me to be—in fact, you might take all of India, as it is but a light burden—and carry it into the open air. There you will see the result of this experiment. What it will be I know almost beyond the possibility of error. But you shall not have the supreme happiness of that moment destroyed by anticipation."

"But have you counted the risks, the possibility of some unforeseen result?" I asked, with uneasiness at the great responsibility I was called upon to assume without preparation.

"I have," said the experimenter, with noble confidence. "The risks and the results are alike mine. If you will not aid me another must. But to you I offer this unparalleled experience."

"I accept it," I replied; for after some few moments of reflection I could see no reason why an American should not be the humble instrument of bringing about this marvelous triumph of science over nature.

It was now about noon, and we partook of a light luncheon. After the meal was finished Herr Schwartz took me into the operating room and explained to me the use of the electric buttons, the regulators, the governors, the switches and brakes, the dials and indicators which set in motion and controlled the complicated and beautiful mechanism by which his whirling globe was operated.

Mechanical matters had never offered any puzzles to me, and in a short time he pronounced me capable of performing the role he had intrusted to me. Then we proceeded to another apartment; he entered a small cabinet, after supplying me with a powerful magnifier, and told me when I should hear the stroke of a tiny bell to enter the room and take from over an alcohol lamp a small retort.

"By examining with the glass," said Herr Schwartz, "you will see that I have become a mere atom of humanity, too small to be seen save by a powerful lens. Place the mouth of the retort over the spot in India which you will find indicated by a metal pointer, and then retire to the operating room and set the machinery in motion. The process ought not to take over a few hours, and may be much shorter."

"Good-by," said the experimenter with a smile, "and remember, whatever happens, the risks and results are mine alone."

With a hand shake we parted, and Herr Schwartz entered the transforming cabinet.

I do not know how long I waited. My interest and curiosity were so intense that I was hardly aware all through the experiment of the time which elapsed.

The bell sounded. I entered the little cabinet, found the retort over the tiny lamp, examined the contents with the lens, and found the result to be what Herr Schwartz had predicted. There was a microscopic image of the scientific friend to whose lectures I had so long listened!

Realizing the responsibility which now rested upon me, I hastened to carry out Herr Schwartz's instructions to the letter. I placed the mite of humanity upon the artificial globe, returned to the operating room and set the wonderful apparatus (which had been at rest during the preceding preparations) again in motion.

Gradually I added to the speed of rotation, keeping my eyes upon the dials and indicators. My great anxiety was to keep the speed at just the points which Herr Schwartz had prescribed.

There is no need to dwell upon the anxious time that followed, nor to tell the thousand thoughts and fears that pressed upon my throbbing brain. After what seemed an endless time the bell sounded the signal—I rushed to the main hall, tore the whole of India from its place, and made my way to the outer air.

It was a still, moonlight night. I placed the bit of earth gently upon the ground, and from it there arose a figure! But what was it that slowly took shape before me? Was it the noble figure of man, grown to some grander, nobler shape?

Alas! no.

On the contrary it was a diminutive and far from attractive monkey.

I saw at once there was something wrong, and my trained scientific intellect at once solved the mystery. I had turned the apparatus backward.—Tudor Jenks in the Independent.

UNCANNY IMMIGRANTS.

FOREIGNERS WHO COME HERE LONG AFTER THEY ARE DEAD.

The Ghastly Industry of Importing Men's Bones for Use in Secret Societies—Skeletons Are Strung Together Cheaper Abroad.

Very few men would care to die in the knowledge that their skeletons, instead of decently crumbling into dust, would eventually be parading about in a world which their owners had quitted forever. Occasionally a man gives up the ghost, and at the same time gives up his bones, for professional or commercial uses; but such a man is invariably an abnormal creature, whom no one loved while living or mourned when dead.

Through poverty and crime many skeletons are available, but it is seldom that one is articulated in this country except by a clever surgeon, and then only for his own use. It is a fact not generally known that all skeletons used by secret societies and in other ways in the United States are imported from Europe.

This uncanny traffic over the sea is not due to any scarcity of skeletons here, but to an absence of the peculiar skilled labor necessary to the proper stringing of the bones together. No doubt the industry could be successfully introduced here were it protected by the tariff, but skeletons being on the free list there is no encouragement to enter into competition with the cheaper labor of Europe.

A mistaken impression prevails in the popular mind that nearly all strictly secret societies use human skeletons in their ceremonies, the fact being that only a limited number among such organizations use them. For this reason no stock of this sort is kept on hand, and articulated skeletons are imported on the receipt of orders.

COST OF A SKELETON.

The number of firms who import human skeletons in New York is small—probably not more than three—and such importation forms but an insignificant branch of a general business either in surgical supplies or society paraphernalia. It is seldom, too, that the members of a lodge or council, aside from its officers, know by what firm its skeleton is supplied.

This fact is to be accounted for by the reluctance of the importers to figure openly in such transactions. They prefer to conduct them quietly and unostentatiously. A layman, unless an intimate friend, can seldom get a merchant to acknowledge plainly that he deals in skeletons. He will evade the question, and may compromise on the statement that he once dealt in them, but no longer does so.

The average cost of the skeleton of a foreigner, properly articulated and mounted for use, is about $50, although they may run as high as $75, where more elaborate material is used. The same work, if turned out on this side of the water, would probably cost double the amount.

Imported skeletons are always good specimens, and most of them come from France and Germany, where skilled labor of this sort is most readily found and cultivated. They come as a rule in ordinary black caskets, to one end of which the skull is hung, so that the bones may swing freely, and they pass the customs inspectors without exciting comment.

TREATED WITH REVERENCE.

A curious case of mistaken public excitement will be recalled, where a skeleton imported to order for a secret society of Waltham, Mass., was duly shipped to its destination, but owing to some error in the directions on the box was refused by the person to whom the express company delivered it. The box was thereupon opened at the express office, and the discovery of its contents created a positive sensation until the shipper came forward and explained.

While there is something ghastly at first sight in a man's bones thus being withheld from the earth and traveling about the globe, it is certain that, having started on their travels, they could not fall into better hands than those of a secret order. Instead of meeting with levity or neglect, they are here treated with all the reverence and care that would be accorded the dead body in any assemblage.

Their office, in conveying a sense of the littleness of human existence and the awfulness of death, is too serious to admit of any other treatment; and a case is known to the writer where, some years ago, a member of a lodge was suspended in disgrace for displaying such a skeleton to a party of friends in the lodge room during a facetious mood.

If one must remain a skeleton, better be reverently bestowed in a secret lodge than on a surgeon's table.

In some cases, however, where a lodge does not care to import a skeleton, a domestic imitation, poorly and imperfectly articulated, can be obtained, and is easily manufactured. Being symbolic it, of course, serves the purpose in a measure, but with a majority of men can scarcely be expected to carry the same impression as the genuine article.—New York News.

Tired of Shining.

"Don't you want to go to the better world, Tommy?" asked a Sunday school teacher of the new scholar. "No, mum," promptly replied the frank little fellow. "And why not, Tommy?" "Oh, when I die I want to go where a feller can rest." "Well, my boy, you can rest there." "Well, in that song we sung it said we'd all shine there." "Certainly; don't you want to shine there?" "No, mum, I don't want to shine there. I get enough of that here. I'm a shoeblack, mum."—Toronto Empire.

Cross Counter Repartee.

Smartleigh—Will you guarantee that the color of this polka dot necktie will hold on a wet day?

Buddleigh—Yes. The color will not run, but the rain will knock the spots out of it.—Clothier and Furnisher.

EUROPE'S MANY CHANGES.

How the Various Countries Have Been Cut Up and Divided.

Rumors of a European war on a grand scale are always rife, and it may be interesting to recall the many and stupendous changes which have modified the map of Europe during the last sixty years. The French revolution, continued by Napoleon I, overturned every nation and modified every frontier limit in Europe. Between 1815 and 1890 the restoration of the eldest branch of the Bourbons in France and the Vienna and Verona congresses had nearly re-established the ancient order of things in the European world.

But in 1830 the revolution which crowned the Orleans cadet Louis Philippe as king of France, and proclaimed him the representative of modern liberalism as against clerical reactionism as personified in Charles X, was the signal of changes all over Europe. The heroic sons of Greece had already begun the struggle for modern liberty and for national independence. They were successful, and the treaty of Adrianople was agreed to by all Europe, and Greece was recognized as a sovereign power on Feb. 3, 1830. Moldavia, Wallachia and Servia were constituted by the same treaty as autonomous principalities, and Turkey ceded to Russia the mouth of the Danube. Belgium separated from Holland and was recognized as an independent power in July, 1831, after long conferences held at London.

In 1834 the kingdom of Poland was suppressed as a result of the heroic but unsuccessful fight of the Poles for liberty. In 1846 the republic of Cracow was suppressed and incorporated with Austria. In 1848 the principality of Neuchatel, which had been given up to Prussia by the treaties of 1814, declared its independence and became a canton of Switzerland. This independence was officially recognized by Prussia in 1857. After the Crimean war, in 1856, Russia lost the southern portion of Bessarabia, along the banks of the Danube, which portion was given to Moldavia. The Solferino victory, in 1859, caused Austria to surrender Lombardy, with the exception of Mantua, to Napoleon III, who made a present of that province to Italy, or rather to the king of Sardinia.

In 1860 the same king came into possession of Modena, Parma, Tuscany, Romagna, Umoria, Naples and Sicily, giving back in exchange to France only the county of Nice and the Savoy. One year later, in 1861, the kingdom of Italy was definitely constituted by the reunion under the same scepter of all Italian states formerly separated, with the exception of the pontifical states and the Rome Campagna. In 1861, Moldavia and Wallachia were united under the name of Rumania. In 1864 the Ionian Islands, which formed a parliamentary republic under British protectorate, were ceded to Greece.

The Gastein convention of 1865, after the war of the duchies, decreed the annexation to Prussia of the duchy of Lauenburg, the title of which was conferred upon Bismarck after his retirement from the chancellorship. In 1866, after the battle of Sadowa, the kingdom of Hanover, the Hesse electorate, the free city of Frankfort, Schleswig and Holstein were annexed to Prussia and the confederation of North Germany was established. In the same year, and as another consequence of defeat at Sadowa, the Vienna government abandoned Venetia and the fortress of Mantua to Italy. The first defeats of the French in the war of 1870 compelled them to evacuate Rome, which then became the capital of Italy. The Frankfort treaty gave Alsace and Lorraine to the newly founded North German empire.

In 1878, after the Russo-Turkish war, and through the operation of the Berlin treaty, great changes were made in the map of Europe. Russia exchanged the Dobroudia district for southern Bessarabia. Servia, by the same treaty, was enlarged and constituted as an independent kingdom, as well as Rumania. Bulgaria became a mere tributary province of Turkey, from which in 1885 she snatched eastern Rumelia. Montenegro received an increase of territory, and Bosnia and Herzegovina were surrendered to Austria, which was authorized to occupy them temporarily, a word which means in diplomacy real possession.

Such is the present international map of Europe; how long will it last in that shape?—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Deadly Mule.

A southern mule trade has resulted in the death of two people, who were shot and killed as an after effect of the transaction. This is probably the first tragedy resulting from overfamiliarity with these long eared anarchists in which a mule has not played an active part. The court directs a verdict of not guilty.—Detroit Free Press.

Queer Things About Teeth.

Teeth have been worshiped, and, in fact, are venerated as relics in some religious shrines. Buddha's tooth is preserved in a temple in India; the Cingalese worship the tooth of a monkey, while an elephant's tooth and shark's tooth serve a similar purpose among the Malabar islanders and the Tonga islanders respectively. The Siamese were formerly the possessors of the tooth of a sacred monkey which they valued very highly. In a war with the Portugese they lost the sacred grinder, along with much gold and precious stones.

They cared nothing, comparatively, for the real valuables, but made every effort, it is said, to recover the tooth, offering as high as 700,000 crowns for its safe return. The Portuguese were not slow to see the bargain and let the worthless relic go; it is now kept in a small gold box, inclosed in six other boxes, in one of the many sacred temples of the Siamese capital.

There is a tradition that the human jaw was formerly provided with forty-two teeth, and that the number was reduced to thirty-two when Chosroes, the Persian king, stole the piece of the true cross enshrined at Constantinople.—St. Louis Republic.

Catarrh and Breathing.

Catarrh is called the American disease, and it is a very burdensome and repulsive affliction. Inasmuch as it baffles the skill of most physicians, and has filled the drug stores with a multitude of would be remedies, competent medical advice should always be sought at its first manifestations. Its cure, after it has been neglected and become chronic, is a matter of doubt. Competent medical opinion is not wanting, however, to the effect that a simple change of habit will do much as a preventive measure, and also to assist in the cure. "Let our people learn to breathe as nature intended they should breathe, through the nose," said a prominent physician in discussing the matter, "and the evil of catarrh will speedily disappear." This may be a sweeping assertion, but it is worthy of notice that nearly all cases of this disease appear among those who habitually breathe through the mouth.—Good Housekeeping.

Past and Present.

Her mother found the young bride of only three months in tears.

"What is it, darling?" she asked, with that solicitude of mothers-in-law anxious to make out a case.

"Why, Albert," she sobbed, "spoke this morning before he left of what he used to say was love's kiss on my chin. He said the dimple there was"——

"Well, well?"

"He said when he came to look at it closer it was nothing but a pimple."—Philadelphia Times.

Not a Kick, But——.

Wise Mother (from head of stairs)—My dear, I wish you wouldn't sit up half the night reading novels.

Pretty Daughter (from the parlor)—Why, ma, I'm not reading. Mr. Lilliwhite is here.

Wise Mother—Oh, I beg his pardon. I thought you had gone, Mr. Lilliwhite, and I was afraid my daughter was injuring her eyes reading. It seems I was mistaken. Probably the noise I took to be the front door closing was only the hall clock striking 10.—New York Weekly.

Ugly Postage Stamps.

Uncle Sam's stamps are just about the ugliest in the world, because cheapness is made a great object in their production. Somewhat over twenty years ago the United States had by far the most beautiful stamps in existence. This decadence must be regarded as a melancholy symptom by those who consider that postage stamps as well as coins should be expressive of a nation's artistic development.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Young Heathen.

"My child is a born infidel," said an astonished mother. "Good-by, God," said Nellie, as she kissed her hand to the sky. "Thank you, God, for the flowers, the pretty flowers, and eberyting."

"Nellie, that is naughty," said the anxious mother. "It's better than that 'laid me down to die prayer,' and I tink God likes it better," answered the little maiden.—New York Tribune.

A Small Watch.

A watchmaker in Newcastle, England, recently completed a set of three gold shirt studs, in one of which is a watch that keeps excellent time. The three studs are connected by a strip of silver inside the shirt bosom, and the watch, contained in the middle one, is wound up by turning the stud above. The hands are set by turning the one below.—Philadelphia Ledger.

WHAT AILS THE WATCH?

PERHAPS YOU HAVE BEEN RIDING IN AN ELECTRIC CAR.

Hundreds of Timepieces Go Crazy Because the Electrical Fluid Magnetizes the Works—Jewelers Have Many Complaints—Electrical Roads Responsible.

"What is the matter with my watch?"

The speaker, a well dressed, middle aged man, laid his handsome gold stem winder on the showcase of a big Broadway jewelry store and looked daggers at the clerk.

While the attendant was quietly opening the case and giving a little twist to the winder preliminary to a fuller examination the angry gentleman continued to air his grievances.

He had purchased the timepiece at that very establishment, he asserted, about a year before, and had paid a good round price for it, too. That was all right; he didn't care about the cost, but he did object to a firm guaranteeing that a watch was first class in every respect when it didn't keep as good time as a second hand hand-organ.

While he had been speaking the clerk had taken a small needle magnet out of the case and placed it in front of the irate watch owner.

"Excuse me, but where do you live, sir?" asked the clerk as the man stopped talking for a moment to wipe off his forehead and regain his breath.

"Live?" said he; "why, at Jamaica, L. I., and that watch has caused me to miss four trains out of five during the three weeks I've been down there."

"Been riding on the electric railway, haven't you, sir?" said the clerk with a smile of satisfaction; "for your watch is about as thoroughly magnetized as any lever saw."

ELECTRIC RAILWAYS TO BLAME.

For the first time light dawned on the customer's mind.

He was one of a large number of New Yorkers who were spending the summer months on the line of the electric road that runs between East New York and Jamaica.

He had never had any trouble with his timepiece before, and he now remembered that he had heard many like complaints of watches going wrong among his fellow passengers.

When the needle of the magnet had become perfectly stationary the clerk held the works of the watch squarely above it. Instantly the needle began to vibrate, first one way and then another, until the man was convinced that the clerk's diagnosis was the correct one.

"That was the third case of the kind we have had today," said the jeweler when the gentleman had gone.

Several workmen, he said, were kept constantly busy on that kind of repairing alone. When a watch had been tested and found to be magnetized it was at once taken apart and the works, even to the most minute portions, were then subjected to an individual test. Then came the process of demagnetizing, which usually took from three to five days, according to the strength and quantity of the magnetic fluid with which they had become charged.

It is only those parts which are made of steel, he continued, that were much affected, as gold and nickel would not ordinarly take in a sufficient quantity to cause any trouble.

Numerous other stores were visited by the reporter, and in every instance the employes reported that scarcely a day passed without from one to a half dozen watches being left to be demagnetized.

AN AMUSING INCIDENT.

"A peculiarity of a magnetized watch," said one clerk, "is that it will change from fast to slow a half dozen times a day.

"A rather amusing incident occurred the other day," said the clerk, "when a young lady, who had just come up from Asbury park, walked in and said she 'just wanted to see that man who had told her that he had demagnetized her watch.'"

She had been in some two weeks before, it seemed, and left her watch, and a few days afterward had received it from the clerk with the assurance that it had been thoroughly demagnetized.

"Before night had fallen on that same day," the clerk went on, "she was once more a passenger on an electric car and once more was her watch charged with the electricity."

It took considerable argument to convince her, he said, that demagnetizing a watch did not make it forever proof against the ravages of the electric fluid, as did vaccination against those of smallpox.

The storage batteries on the Fourth avenue horse cars were held responsible by another jeweler for the magnetizing of many watches. Most people did not suspect the cause, he said, and it was only after they had suffered great inconvenience as a result of the eccentricities of their theretofore reliable timekeepers that they learned from their jeweler what the matter was.

The more delicate the works the more susceptible they were, he said, to magnetic influence. This accounted for the fact that the larger percentage of watches brought to him were those that were of the finest manufacture and consequently of the greatest value.—New York Journal.

The Public Pulse.

Great Editor (gleefully)—How many extra copies were sold yesterday?

Business Manager—Only one.

"Eh? What? Only one! Why, we had a ten column article on the outrageous way in which Chinamen are being smuggled across the Canadian border. Only sold one extra copy! My! my! Who bought that?"

"A woman who is looking for Chinese servants."—New York Weekly.

A Witty Wife.

"John, you are a fool."

"I am, am I? How do you make me a fool?"

"Bless you, I don't make you a fool. You make a fool of yourself."—Boston Courier.

Wonders

Are wrought by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor in restoring gray hair to its original color, promoting a new growth, preventing the hair from falling, keeping it soft, silky, and abundant, and the scalp cool, healthy, and free from dandruff or humors. The universal testimony is that this preparation has no equal as a dressing, and is, therefore, indispensable to every well-furnished toilet.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for some time and it has worked wonders for me. I was troubled with dandruff and was rapidly becoming bald; but since using the Vigor my head is perfectly clear of dandruff, the hair has ceased coming out, and I now have a good growth, of the same color as when I was a young woman. I can heartily recommend any one suffering from dandruff or loss of hair to use Ayer's Hair Vigor as a dressing."—Mrs. Lydia O. Moody, East Pittston, Me.

"Some time ago my wife's hair began to come out quite freely.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

not only prevented my wife from becoming bald, but it also caused an entirely new growth of hair. I am ready to certify to this statement before a justice of the peace."—H. Hulsebus, Lewisburgh, Iowa.

"Some years ago, after a severe attack of brain fever, my hair all came out. I used such preparations for restoring it as my physicians ordered, but failed to produce a growth of hair. I then tried, successively, several articles recommended by druggists, and all alike fell short of accomplishing the desired result. The last remedy I applied was Ayer's Hair Vigor, which brought a growth of hair in a few weeks. I think I used eight bottles in two years; more than was necessary as a restorative, but I liked it as a dressing, and have continued to use it for that purpose. I believe Ayer's Hair Vigor possesses virtues far above those of any similar preparation now on the market."—Vincent Jones, Richmond, Ind.

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Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Smith, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G B Brashear, F S; Dr G C Symon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—Thos Manley, C R, 24 Ramsey st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 4 Smart st; E D LaTourneau, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr J B Phelan, C P. Meet 1st Thursday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in McElroy's hall, corner Indiana and Paulina sts.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 136 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 305 N Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 739 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Cartier Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 1st Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Ferrigo, C R, 2907 State st; Henry S Mowson, R S, 2515 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr F S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2074 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 205 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 168 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge st.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3456 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3026 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr O Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hanson, R S, 853 W Adams st; M O O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 362 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Deullauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuess, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; F Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 3013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaefer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4428 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 509 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E S Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 261 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 83 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P O Harbour, C R, 196 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lewreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 2 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 529 S Morgan st; Joseph Setta, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thometz, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Eaier, R S, 200 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Syson, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—O A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond O Foley, R S, 413 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleason, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Vean, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—Paxel, C R, 583 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebrecht, F S; Henry Schlitz, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 286 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 226 Cleveland av; Joseph F Holden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 341 Webster av; Jas P Lunt, R S, 222 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 8 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fredr'k Krieger, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Keller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 443 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 243 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 334 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 3534 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Fiugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Drouin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3127 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald st; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3044 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 103 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; H P Merrch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Semmers, R S, 597 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Fioh, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 281 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 490 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 5949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; O Hiersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brocciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Alles, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jaeques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 3d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Moyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jamison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J R Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 443 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 3216 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2074 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams-sts.
County Delegate, J. W. McCarthy, Lemont, Ill.
County Secretary, P. B. Flanagan, 3023 Fifth avenue.
County Financial Secretary, W. J. Doherty.
County Treasurer, James H. Lynch.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 126 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. No. 2—M. McCarthy, Pres., 616 Thirty-second-st.; Thos. Halpin, V-P.; J. P. O'Brien, Rec. Sec. 923 Thirty-fifth-st; Wm. Holton, Fin Sec; M. Lamb, Treas. Meet at 2325 S. Halsted st., 1st Saturday of every month.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; J. Fletcher, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 669 S Halsted-st; P. F. Radigan, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Prell, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick. Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; M. Reilly, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 632 Forty-third-st.; John Moore, Fin. Sec.; Mm. Murray, Treas. Meet 1rst Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—Pres., M. J. Barret, 444 Ogden av.; Rec. Sec., William Madden, 476 W. Fifteenth-st; Fin. Sec., James E O'Brien, 376 S Morgan st; Treas., Mark Hardin, 432 W. Twelfth st. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T C Egan, Pres; T Ahern, V. P.; J Colbert, Rec. Sec.; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; T Farrell, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., Dominick Nicholson, 98 Emerson av.; V.-P. Dennis Foley; Rec. Sec., John Hobad., 306 W Indiana st; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch. Treas., Martin J. Cereoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2862 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Maher's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas. James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, P. B. Flanagan, 3023 Fifth av; V.P., Martin Mulcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec., Lawrence Hensly; Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 2736 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts; V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Sheehahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare; Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James H. Lynch, 73 Archer av; V.-P., O A Moody; Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 2331 LaSalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres. Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 719 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 198 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1229 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., F. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeoeghan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John S. O'Connor; Treas., Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 351 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 229 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. John McHenna, 3229 Wentworth av; V.-P. J F Doheny; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4426 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. No. 32—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec. Sec., Dennis Guest, Kensington; Fin. Sec., John Travers; Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 267 S. California av; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1311 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. Ling. Meets first Saturday each month at 108 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3203 Lowe av; V.-P., J. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Charles P. Holbrook, 3039 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts.

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COOK COUNTY DIR

GOLD DUST 24 CARATS FINE.

Kept in a Table Drawer at the Government Printing Office.

Seven thousand dollars' worth of gold dust in a table drawer! Poke your fingers into the yellow stuff and notice how soft and agreeable to the feeling it is, while the attendant in charge watches you carefully and sees that you do not get away with any of it. It is smooth to the touch because it is all composed of gold beaters' film, rubbed to almost impalpable powder. For the same reason, too, it is absolutely pure and virgin metal, twenty-four carats fine.

The drawer is in charge of a pretty young girl at the government printing office. Her work there is to stamp gold lettering and ornamentation upon book covers. The precious substance comes to her in the shape of little rectangular sheets of foil inexpressibly thin, laid between layers of tissue paper made up to book form, each book holding twenty-four gold sheets. Handling them is a matter requiring great skill, though you might not imagine it from casual inspection. To begin with, say the young woman places on the table before her an ordinary leather book cover. She takes from the little gold book a sheet of the foil, not with her fingers, but by catching it up with a small pad of raw cotton.

Laying down the sheet of pure yellow gold upon a little slab, she cuts it into three pieces with a sharp knife. She makes it smooth by blowing gently upon it with her breath. One of the pieces she applies to the back of the cover where the title is to go; another she also puts on the back where the name of the author is to be, while the third biggest piece is spread over the middle of one flap of the cover, where an ornamental design is wanted.

The operator is very careful in rubbing off the loose gold after each stamping, so as to lose none of it. As she uses the leather tipped stick she permits the yellow stuff to fall through a crack in the table top into the drawer beneath in the shape of dust. It is allowed to accumulate there until the drawer is full. The drawer is quite big and deep, and will hold $10,000 worth of the dust. You would not imagine it to be any very precious substance if you found a quantity of it in some odd place; it looks as much like powdered tinsel as anything else. However, it is worth $20 an ounce, and when a drawer full is collected the gold is forwarded to the mint in Philadelphia, which subjects it to assay and sends a check for its value.

The young woman is held responsible for the safety of the gold in the drawer. She carries the key to it about with her always, and nobody but herself is allowed access to it. There does not seem to be any reason why she should not slyly pocket a small quantity of it occasionally if she desired, though the number of books of gold foil charged against her do serve as some sort of check in the account as to the metal employed in this way.—Washington Star.

Traveling for the First Time.

A railroad engineer in Maine saw a man on the track waving at him a few days ago, and, his mind filled with the possibilities of impending danger, stopped the train. Every one was in a high state of excitement, but the man coolly boarded the smoking car without uttering a word. He looked as if he had not traveled far from his native heath, and on being questioned said: "Wal, I just waved my hand 'cos I wanted to get on the keers. I'm going ter Wells, and I never been on the keers before." He spoke, it is said, with an unmistakable air of innocence, and raised such a flood of good nature that the conductor silently took his fare, and when he landed at Wells he was loudly cheered in honor of his first ride.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Inventions for Smokers.

The inventions for smokers are so many that a division of the patent office has to be given up to them. One of the most curious pipe inventions is a rest or brace by which the weight of the pipe is taken off the teeth and rested on the chin. There are umbrellas which can be turned into pipes and pipes which can be turned into canes, and there are a hundred inventions for the cutting off of ends of cigars, some of which are probably valuable.—Frank G. Carpenter's Letter.

Scratching Matches on Glass.

At a cigar stand the scribe saw a man scratch a match on a convenient pane of glass and, to his surprise, it lighted as readily as though the glass had been sand paper. To those who have been accustomed to seeing people search for a rough surface on which to scratch a match it would be rather startling. Not only ordinary matches but even the safety matches, usually unlightable except on the box in which they come, can be lighted on glass.—Brunswick (Me.) Telegraph.

Scotch Character.

At a Scotch fair a farmer was trying to engage a lad to assist on the farm, but would not finish the bargain until he brought a character from the last place, so he said, "Run and get it, and meet me at the cross at 4 o'clock." The youth was up to time, and the farmer said, "Well, have you got your character with you?" "Na," replied the youth; "but I've got yours, and I'm no' comin'."—Toronto Empire.

No Flags on the Seas.

Customer—That flag you sold me must have been made of very poor stuff. It went all to pieces.

Dealer—My stars! Where did you use it?

Customer—On my yacht.

Dealer—Ah! That explains it. Material for American flags is not expected to stand salt air.—New York Weekly.

The Use of Three Common Words.

"If it be" implies doubt or uncertainty; "if it is" indicates an actual fact. The rule is: "When a conjunction indicates some uncertainty use the subjunctive after it; when anything is spoken of as an actual fact, or as in absolute existence, the indicative is used."—Writer.

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The postponed game between the Robert Emmet and Innisfail Clubs will be played on Sunday, Aug. 31, at Wanderers' grounds, Thirty seventh street and Indiana avenue, at 3 o'clock p. m. There will also be a tug of war, 100 yard race, putting 14-lb weight, slinging 56-lb weight between the legs, running hop, step and jump, running long jump. All lovers of athletic sports should attend these games.

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ESTATE OF ANN LEONARD, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Ann Leonard, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of October, A. D. 1890, being the 20th day thereof. DORATHEA LEONARD, Administratrix, with the will annexed.
Dated Chicago, August 12, 1890.
P. McHugh, Attorney.

ESTATE OF MARY J. GUERIN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Mary J. Guerin, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of October, A. D. 1890, being the 20th day thereof. JOHN GUERIN, Executor.
Dated Chicago, August 12, 1890.
P. McHugh, Attorney.

ESTATE OF NEWRICH JONES, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Newrich Jones, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of October A. D. 1890, being the 20th day thereof. MARTHA JONES, Administratrix.
Dated Chicago, August 12, 1890.
P. McHugh, Attorney.

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INFORMATION WANTED

Of John and Patrick Dillon, who left Ireland about 30 years ago; John was a tailor by trade and worked in Ennistymon, Ennis, County Clare, Ireland; he left for England, where he worked some years, then left England for America to join his brother Patrick, who came to America some years previous, and who, before leaving Ireland, stopped with his uncle, Thomas Hogan, Ballyvraneen, Ennistymon; when last heard of he was a merchant or foreman tailor in some part of the United States. Any information will be thankfully received by PATRICK HOGAN, Ballyvraneen, Ennistymon, County Clare, Ireland.

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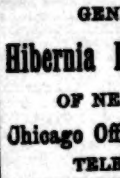

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